

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED



NEWSPAPER

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THE CITIES OF KANSAS.

THE great prominence given by President Buchanan in his recent Message to the affairs of that unquiet Territory, the agitation concerning which has created so deep a breach between two sections of the Democratic party, and upon which the eyes of the United States have so long and with so much anxiety been fixed, has induced us to engrave views, from sketches made on the spot by our own correspondent, of the four principal cities within its bounds. Kansas—but a little while ago the youngest of our Territorial sisters—has so long been the debateable ground between the opposing interests of slavery and freedom, has contributed so largely to the embitterment of party strife, and has given rise to so many new questions and new complications in our domestic policy, that we feel convinced of the deep interest with which our readers will regard the first views of the important cities of Leavenworth, Topeka, Lawrence and Lecompton that have ever been published.

City of Leavenworth.

Our engraving is from a sketch by our own correspondent, which was taken from the residence of Amos Reese, Esq., situated upon an elevation near the river, in South Leavenworth, and directly facing toward the north.

Leavenworth is the largest, most populous and flourishing city in Kansas Territory, and one of the heaviest commercial cities above St. Louis, on the Missouri River. It occupies a charming site upon the west bank of the Missouri, about four hundred and sixty miles, by steamboat navigation, from St. Louis, and immediately adjoins the lands of Fort Leavenworth, the present headquarters of the Western Division of the United States Army.

The face of the country surrounding the city is beautifully diversified with groves of forest trees, gently undulating hills, delightful valleys and broad rolling prairies, beneath which lie immense strata of limestone, sandstone and coal. The whole region in the vicinity, and for many miles around Leavenworth, is very fertile, well adapted to agriculture, and already dotted with well-cultivated farms and elegant suburban residences, among which that of Jeremiah Clarke, Esq., is the most prominent, and is built upon a spot where, less than half a dozen years, stood an Indian lodge, and upon the grounds now so tastefully laid out and handsomely ornamented with shrubbery and flowers, camp fires of the red man were lighted.

The census of Leavenworth in 1854 showed a population of "ninety-nine men, one woman, and no babies, total one hundred," being the whole number of inhabitants in the city and its vicinity. It now contains a population of more than eight thousand, and is increasing in wealth and business as rapidly as in numbers of inhabitants.

City of Topeka.

TOPEKA was founded by the "Topeka Town Association," in 1854. But little improvement was made, however, during that year, there being no lumber in the country for building purposes.

The town is situated upon a sloping eminence, seventy miles in the interior, on the Kansas River, and is surrounded by a rich agricultural country, well supplied with beautiful streams of pure water, and many fine groves of timber. The drawbridge at Topeka is one of the prominent improvements of the place, and is the only bridge that spans the Kansas River, having the additional peculiarity of being the largest structure of the kind in the Territory. It was built during the present year, at a cost of fifteen thousand dollars.

Topeka figured conspicuously in the political history of the Territory. It was here that the celebrated "Topeka Constitution" was formed in 1855; and it was at this place that the "General Assembly of the State of Kansas" convened in 1856, and was shortly afterwards dissolved by Col. Sumner, for "conducting treasonable acts against the United States Government;" electing United

States Senators, &c. This was also the "military rendezvous" for the Free State men during the troubles of 1856, and a fort was built for their protection, in case of an attack, from the pro-slavery men. The "Old Fort" is still to be seen, in a fine state of preservation, near the centre of the town. It was constructed of earth and sod.

Topeka now has its churches and schools; a public library and literary societies, and the rough appearance of frontier life is fast giving place to the more refined and intelligent manners and customs of civilized society.

City of Lecompton.

This is one of the most pleasant and delightful inland towns in Kansas. It is situated upon the south bank of the Kansas, or Kaw River, some sixty-five miles from its confluence with the Missouri,

forty miles from Leavenworth City, and about five hundred by water, from St. Louis, Missouri. The site of Lecompton is one of peculiar beauty. The town is enbosomed in ancient forest trees, which, through the good taste of the inhabitants, were cut down no farther than was absolutely necessary to provide space for the erection of buildings. The country in the vicinity is characterized by a remarkable degree of fertility, and is fast becoming settled by tillers of the soil.

The work on the capitol building has been suspended, until an appropriation is made by Congress for its completion; and the structure, so far as it has gone, presents a dilapidated appearance, rather resembling the ruins of a once stately edifice, with its broken columns and heavy cornices scattered over the ground, than a Territorial capitol in course of erection.

The office of the Chief Executive is established in a building of very unpretending exterior, for the present. The United States Land Office is also established at Lecompton, where a heavy amount of business is done in land sales, and much money is annually paid in for Government lands.

The business of Lecompton is improving, and the population is increasing rapidly.

City of Lawrence.

Shortly after the passage of the "Kansas and Nebraska Bill" by Congress, in the spring of 1854, a party of about twenty men, from New England and New York, came to the Territory, and halted at the present site of Lawrence, upon which they found the cabin of Mr. Stearns, a hardy frontiersman. They purchased his claim, and laid out a town, which they called Wa-ka-rusa, but subsequently the name was changed to Lawrence. The site upon which the town is built is one of much beauty. It lies upon the south bank of the Kansas River, about fifty miles from its mouth. The Delaware Indian Reservation occupies the whole region of country for many miles on the opposite side of the river, and is unexcelled in beauty and fertility in the Territory.

Lawrence contains a population of upwards of two thousand, and has a good share of Western enterprise. The Eldridge House, a new and elegant building, erected upon the site of the old Free State Hotel, which was destroyed during the political troubles in 1856, is the largest and most costly hotel in the Territory, and is a monument of the energy and perseverance of the Eldridge Brothers, who are the proprietors, and who have done much to develop the resources of the portion of Kansas in which they reside.

There are many exciting incidents connected with the political history of Lawrence, all of which are familiar to the ear of every intelligent reader in the length and breadth of our land, and need not be here repeated.

MRS. HOEY.

This eminent actress, whose portrait we present to our readers this week, has long been favorably known to the theatre-going public of New York, as an artist of rare merit, and as a lady every way worthy of the respect and esteem of all who admire moral worth and that kindness of nature which makes even worth more lovable.

Mrs. Hoey exhibited a fine natural talent for the stage; she came of a highly talented family, all her sisters displaying histrionic abilities of rare excellence, and all achieving distinguished positions in the profession. Mrs. Hoey was born in Liverpool, England, but came to this country at a very early age, accompanied by her sisters, Rosa and Mary Shaw. She made her first appearance on the stage in the year 1840, but the date from which up to the present time New York has been cognizant of and interested in her movements was 1849, in which year she appeared at Burton's Theatre in Chambers street, in the character of Edith in "Dombey & Son." In



MRS. HOEY, LEADING ACTRESS AT WALLACK'S THEATRE.—PHOTOGRAPHED BY BRADY.

this character she made her mark, and was recognized as one of the most promising actresses of the day. She continued to sustain the good impression she had made and to win new laurels up to 1851, when she withdrew from the stage, contracted a marriage with John Hoey, Esq., who holds a prominent position in Adams & Co's. Express Company, and retired into private life, which she is so eminently fitted to adorn.

In the year 1854, Mrs. Hoey, at the earnest solicitation of Mr. Wallack, returned to the stage, and assumed the leading position at the theatre under the direction of that gentleman. She has sustained this position ever since, in despite of some powerful rivals, solely by the force of that high order of talent which she undoubtedly possesses, and which is fully and warmly recognized by the public, with whom she is deservedly a special and esteemed favorite.

There is a divided opinion as to which the genius of Mrs. Hoey tends—to comedy or to tragedy, or rather the serious drama. This diversity of opinion is of itself a high compliment, since she is so admirable in both that it becomes difficult to decide in which of the two specialties she excels. One reason would make us decide in favor of comedy, and that is, that Mrs. Hoey on the stage is an elegant lady, a character that has almost become unknown to the footlights. But admirable as she undoubtedly is in comedy, she displays in the serious drama excellences too striking to be passed over. She is earnest, direct and impassioned, and identifies herself, with rare fidelity, with the character she impersonates. She has not all the abandon which distinguishes the modern school, but she is just as true to nature, while she controls her passions with the same feminine delicacy which governs all true women in real life. In denying her the modern abandon, however, it must not be supposed that we mean to imply that she is cold. On the contrary, she is impulsive and passionate up to those bounds over which no woman should step.

It would be invidious to point out any particular character as the one in which Mrs. Hoey has excelled. In the large and varied range which she has occupied, there is not one in which she has failed. Her artistic conscientiousness compels her to do her best with whatever she undertakes, and her fine natural instinct never fails to detect the idiosyncrasies of each, and to present them with the minute details which go to make up the well-considered character.

Mrs. Hoey is eminently a rich and an elegant dresser. Her modern dresses are distinguished for their subdued and refined taste, and of consequence, their perfect harmony, while her costumes are of infinite splendor and always correct as to pattern and date.

Of her personal appearance we will let our portrait be the exponent. It does not of course do her full justice, for it cannot give all the brilliancy and intelligence of the eye, nor the charming smile, nor the animation, nor the grace of manner which influences all who have the pleasure of her acquaintance. Still it gives some idea of the private lady whom thousands have admired as the popular and attractive actress.

Mrs. Hoey presents a singular instance of devotion to an art of which she is so distinguished an ornament. Married to a gentleman whose ample means place her far above any necessity to exercise her profession, she casts behind her the thousand alluring amusements which her independent private position throws open to her, and devotes herself to the art for the art's sake. For no one who notes the costly richness of her wardrobe will doubt what is rumored to be the fact, that her salary, although commensurate with her standing, could not by a great deal defray its cost. We honor Mrs. Hoey for that noble spirit which spurns idleness, and we cannot but honor the man, who, recognizing the scope and intention of a well-directed ambition in his wife, so gracefully and admirably yields to its dictates. That the public is a great gainer by the high resolves of the one and the magnanimity of the other there cannot be a doubt, and we say in all sincerity, and the public will endorse our remarks, that we hope Mrs. Hoey will long continue to pursue a profession which her talent adorns and her private worth elevates.

A CHRISTMAS CAROL.

(Written for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.)

MIDNIGHT was o'er a world that slept
Beneath the hazy gaze of Rome;
But still Imperial Caesar kept
Carousals in his stately home.
From north to south, from east to west,
The Roman reigned as lord and host.

He little felt—the warrior gray—
An infant take his sword away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

The felon groined within his cell,
His chains had worn all hope away,
No sunlight on his dungeon fell,
He had forgot the face of day.
Within his heart—that gloomy lair—
There crouched the scowling fiend Despair!

He little knew, as there he lay,
A child had taken his sin away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

A mother wept her darling dead,
Her tears fell fast upon its bier,
All joy had from her spirit fled—
The world itself was black and drear—
She only wished to be at rest
With the lost jewel of her breast.

She felt not, as she knelt to pray,
An infant drive her grief away,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

An aged man was dying fast,
His life arose before his soul,
And as the guilty record passed,
The tears of bitter sorrow roll.
But as he weeps, a strange delight
Falls on his now death-shrouded sight.

He saw, with life's expiring ray,
A little infant lead the way,
In the solemn midnight,
Centuries ago.

DOMESTIC MISCELLANY.

Congressional Summary.

Senate.—Dec. 18.—The principal business transacted was that of appointing the Standing Committee, which was done by voting for the entire list. Yes, 31. Nay, 20. Absent, 11. By this vote the name of Green of Missouri, is substituted for that of Douglas as Chairman of the Territorial Committee. Mason remains Chairman of the Committee on Foreign Relations, Hunter on Finance, Clay on Commerce, Davis on Military Affairs, Mallory on the Navy, and so on. Mr. Clingman, the new Senator from North Carolina, addressed the Senate in favor of the abrogation of the Clayton-Bulwer treaty, after which the Senate's Pacific Railroad bill was called up by a vote of 30 to 18, which called up Mr. Gwin of California.

Dec. 14.—The Senate was chiefly occupied with discussions on the Pacific Railroad bill. A motion by Senator Mason to lay the bill on the table was negatived by a vote of 32 to 23.

Dec. 15.—Congress has at last got into regular working order, and there were considerable business done yesterday. In the Senate, Mr. Cameron, of Pennsylvania, made a vigorous speech in favor of specific duties on iron, basing his remarks on a memorial from the iron-masters of his State, and showing from the statements furnished in the report of the Secretary of the Treasury the injurious effect of the system of ad valorem duties. Mr. Clingman's Clayton-Bulwer resolution was negatived by a vote of 25 to 24. Among the memorials presented to the Senate was one from a New York publisher, praying Congress to purchase, for free circulation among the people, a certain number of his new edition of the *Mormon Bible*. It was a rather ingenious method of advertising the work. After Mr. Cameron had concluded his speech the Senate

went into Executive Session and ratified the treaties with China and Japan without opposition. The Hon. Wm. B. Preston, of Kentucky, was confirmed as Minister to Spain, J. Glancy Jones as Minister to Austria, and the Hon. Mr. Ward as Minister to China. The Administration were also successful in carrying through the confirmation of a batch of Postmasters, including Albany and several other important towns in the interior of this State. In the House of Representatives there was some excitement pending the vote upon the impeachment of Judge Watrous, of Texas, who, it was rumored, intended to resign.

Dec. 16.—Mr. Clingman moved the abrogation of the Bulwer Clayton Treaty. Mr. Mason opposed in a masterly speech. He said its effect would be to make an issue with the President. The day may come when it will require to be abrogated, either with or without the assent of England. But no statesman would undertake to do it until he shall have looked far enough ahead to see where it will land us. If the treaty be abrogated, it will place the two countries as they were before it was entered into, and will call on us to define the vague Monroe doctrine.

Mr. Clingman insisted that, from the President's two messages, it appeared that our progress had been backward in Central America for the last year, and that Great Britain was getting stronger every day under this treaty, and that it ought to be put out of the way, and then when occasion offered we will act in that region. Some decided ground ought to be taken. It was useless to wait for negotiation, because in eight years we had made no progress.

Messrs. Collamer and Shields generally supported Mr. Clingman's views, but the Senate refused to take up the subject.—*Yves 22, nays 28.*

The Pacific Railroad Bill was then taken up, and Mr. Bell spoke in favor of it. Adjourned.

House of Representatives.—Dec. 13.—The House resumed the consideration of the Watrous impeachment case. Several speeches were made in reference to that subject. A resolution, which was adopted, was offered by Mr. Clay, of Kentucky, requesting the President to communicate the information in his possession respecting the recent boarding of American vessels in the Gulf of Mexico by British cruisers.

Dec. 14.—Nothing of importance was done in Congress this day. The House was occupied with the impeachment of Judge Watrous, and there were some sharp personal encounters between the two representatives from Texas, Messrs. Bryan and Regan.

Dec. 15.—In the House the Watrous impeachment case was disposed of by a resolution that there were not sufficient grounds in the evidence offered to warrant the impeachment of the Judge. Agreed to by a vote of 113 to 86. Mr. Comins, of Massachusetts, addressed the House in relation to a modification of the tariff, and specific duties on iron and other articles; and Mr. Bowie, of Maryland, offered a resolution in favor of the Government entering into negotiations with foreign Governments for a reduction of duties on American tobacco. Mr. Boyce, of South Carolina, called up the report made last session by the Committee on Elections, in relation to the election in the Third Congressional District of Maryland, Baltimore, in November, 1857, declaring that the election was null and void in consequence of the riot that prevailed, and requesting the Speaker to notify the Governor of Maryland of the fact. Mr. Boyce also offered a resolution admitting Mr. White, who contests the right of Harris to a seat. During the consideration of the subject, the House adjourned without coming to any decision. Several documents were sent to the House by the President, in conformity with the resolution of Mr. Clay, in relation to Mexican affairs. The communications of Commodore McIntosh, in relation to the visit of British naval officers on board the Washington, were also sent to the House. The chief particulars of this correspondence were furnished in the *Nicaragua* letters published in the daily papers. The Government appears to be entirely approves of the conduct of Captain McIntosh, and the British commander having denied all right to visit our ships, nothing unpleasant is likely to grow out of this affair.

Dec. 16.—The Speaker laid before the House a message from the President, enclosing communications from the State and Navy Departments, in response to resolutions calling for information as to recent events in Central America, which was referred to the Committee on Foreign Affairs, without being read.

The House resumed the consideration of the Maryland contested election case of Mr. White against Mr. Harris.

The House, by 108 against 90, laid the resolution on the table admitting Mr. White to the floor, to be heard on the subject.

Mr. Eustis, of Louisiana, then moved to table the resolution reported from the Committee on Elections, declaring the election for the Third Congressional District of Maryland vacant on account of fraud and violence.

The resolution was tabled by a vote of 106 against 97.

The consideration of the bill reported last session, granting pensions to the officers and soldiers of the war of 1812, and those engaged in all the wars during that period, was resumed.

Mr. Savage, of Illinois, insisted that the honor and reputation of the country demanded that those brave men should have their services recognized.

After some further debate, Mr. DeWart (Pa.) moved to strike out the enacting clause of the bill, and insert that the defeated candidates at the Pennsylvania election of 1855 shall be allowed ninety six dollars per annum. (Laughter.)

Various amendments were voted on, but nothing definite was done. Adjourned.

Lola Montez.—Lola Montez has arrived safely at Galway. The *Vindicator*, of that place, says she was received with every attention and respect by the officials and a few friends, who went on board, on the arrival of the vessel. She purposed delivering lectures at Dublin, Cork, Limerick, Waterford, Belfast, and other places, on "America; its People and its Social Institutions." And she says she means to talk about them as they are, but not as they have been misrepresented by Mr. Dickens, Mr. Mackay, Mr. Thackeray, and others, who have already "done them." The passengers, on board the steamer, the Pacific, in which Lola took passage, gave the captain a complimentary dinner. Upon the motion for a vote of thanks to the skipper, Lola stood up and said: "As the men say, 'I rise to second that motion.' It has been my lot to know something of the inconvenience and hardships of the deep. I believe I have sailed upon almost every sea and ocean in the world. I have been upon the Red, the Black, the Baltic and the Mediterranean Seas, as well as upon the Indian and Pacific Oceans, and this is my fourth trip across the Atlantic; but never, in all this wide experience upon the stormy deep, have I found myself more comfortable, amid adverse winds and storms at sea; and certainly never have I witnessed in any commanding officer a happier combination of firmness, efficiency and urbanity—the three graces of a good captain—than in Captain Treke. I am glad to hear the gentlemen say that he has won their confidence and regards; for I am sure that he has won at least that from the ladies."

A Strange Event.—Mr. Jeremiah Lord, of Kennebunk, Maine, died at that place on November 28th, aged seventy-five years. In 1801, Mr. Lord, while a seaman on board a Kennebunk ship called the Olive Branch, bound from Nantes to Cadiz, was impressed on board an English frigate of thirty-two guns, belonging to the fleet under Lord Nelson, then stationed off Cadiz, waiting for the French and Spanish fleets to put to sea. On the 21st of October, 1805, was fought the renowned naval battle of Trafalgar. The duty of this frigate at the time was to assist disabled ships. After the action was over, this vessel, being uninjured and a rapid sailer, was detailed from the fleet to convey to England news of the victory and death of Lord Nelson. A few days after the frigate arrived at Plymouth, the American Consul there released Mr. Lord from his imprisonment of nine weeks and two days, and he was returned to the ship from which he was originally taken.

The telegraph has already informed us of the escape of the schooner Susan from the port of Mobile, with a company of supposed filibusters on board. The *Mobile Register*, of the 11th, exhibits over her escape from the revenue cutter sent in pursuit, and predicts that the passengers by the Susan will land in Central America without opposition from any quarter. We are not so certain, however, of this result. The Susan and her passengers are likely to get into trouble, and our hope is that they may fall into the hands of the officers of the American squadron stationed at San Juan. Should the English commander capture them, the act might cause a collision between the naval forces of the two nations, and light a flame not easily extinguished.

The Missing Steamer.—By the arrival of the Arabia at Halifax, we have the welcome assurance of the safety of the steamship Indian Empire, which had been given up as lost. She reached Broadhaven, Ireland, on the 26th ult., all well on board, but with her fuel exhausted, and a portion of her cargo and wooden work consumed. She was also short of provisions. She had been lying to for a week within a day or two of the steaming for Galway, during which time she had encountered two furious storms.

During the eventful history which this steamship has passed through, as previously stated in this paper, her name has been changed three times, viz.: United States, Hannas, and Indian Empire. On her last overhauling at Southampton, under direction of her present owner, Mr. Lever, she was found to be in sound condition. She has no bulkhead partitions—those modern improvements in shipbuilding, the utility of which was illustrated in the case of the propeller Ogdenburg on Lake Erie, and the French propeller Vesta; both of which were saved by partitions, whereas, the steamers with which they came in collision were lost, because they had none. She is provided with six boats, two of which are of the Francis' large pattern. These would probably accommodate the passengers (about a hundred) and the crew. For extinguishing fire, a donkey engine, and steam fire and bilge pumps can be brought to bear. The *Marine Register* rates the Indian Empire as a 1½, and says that her "security and provision against fire are good." It is said that Ashly and Tice, engineers on board the Central America at the time she foundered, were on board the Indian Empire in the same position. It is a singular circumstance. The practice of changing names cannot be too strongly condemned. We heard the other day of a male who had left a certain ship some three years before, on account of what he considered her unseaworthiness. What was his surprise to find that he had actually re-shipped in the same vessel under another name. It is needless to add that he refused to sail in her. The Central America which was lost last year had been formerly the George Law. The changing a vessel's name is *prima facie* evidence against her seaworthiness.

A Michigan Murder and Mystery.—As we have before stated, a Mr. Holden was found in August, 1857, nearly dead in a morass, near his residence at Ann Arbor, Michigan. He was a man in moderate circumstances, and had procured an insurance of \$20,000 on his life. Before he died he said he was waylaid and shot; but his account of the affair led to the suspicion that he had killed himself for the benefit of his family, and the insurance company refused to pay the policy on this ground. Some time ago, however, the matter was compromised by paying the widow two-thirds of the insurance. Notwithstanding the alleged suicide, two young men, named Robert Fuller and Frank Walker, were charged with his murder and indicted. When the indictments were first found, it was supposed by many that it was more with the view of influencing the suit brought by Mrs. Holden against the companies in which

her husband's life was insured than for any other purpose, and after the settlement between Mrs. H. and the companies, it was expected that the charge of murder would be dropped. The trial, however, came on week before last, and was concluded on Friday, the 18th instant, when the jury returned a verdict of guilty, and the accused were sentenced to solitary confinement at hard labor in the State prison for life—the death penalty having been abolished in Michigan.

An Admirable Design.—We sincerely trust that Recorder Barnard will carry out the praiseworthy design he thus announced on Wednesday to the Grand Jury. He particularly drew the attention of the Grand Inquest to the Extortion Law, prohibiting public officers from receiving higher fees than are allowed by law, and which he said was openly and flagrantly violated. The Election Law also demanded their attention, as it was designed to correct abuses which, if allowed to increase, would soon drive from the polls all persons who were not bribed to vote. The present indiscriminate sale of liquors was represented as a fearful curse to the city. The adulteration of liquor, also, was a subject of weighty consideration, inasmuch as at least nine-tenths of all the liquors sold was adulterated with the most deleterious poison. Referring to the numerous cases of assault and battery which would come before them, the Recorder said it was his intention to rid the city of those lawless ruffians who made fighting a profession, and rendered the streets insecure for peaceable citizens.

If Recorder Barnard will devote his energies to these objects he will do more for his fellow creatures than all the politicians of the last half century.

A Western Lothario.—The West seems to be emulating New York, Boston and Philadelphia, in some of its exploits. At Chicago, Joseph Wilson, captain of the steamer Mary, and James Fitzpatrick, have been arrested upon the charge of stealing a valuable watch, \$175 in money, and a man's wife. The husband and owner of the property is one John Hermann, a German musician. Mr. H.'s occupation requiring him to be absent evenings, his wife was in the habit of going to places of amusement with her friends. On Tuesday night her husband came home and found his wife gone. Wednesday morning came, but his wife didn't, and he thereupon made the discovery that his watch and \$175 in money had also taken to themselves wings.

Ball of the Thistle Benevolent Association.—This charitable society, which was instituted in 1831, and incorporated twenty years later, gave their annual Ball on Thursday evening, December 16th, at Niblo's. A large company was present, and dancing was kept up until an early hour on Friday morning. The able services of Professor Macpherson, who officiated as floor manager, contributed to the general enjoyment of the evening. The music was furnished by Robertson's fine band. We believe that the receipts from this pleasant festival will add a considerable sum to the fund devoted by the managers to charitable purposes.

Philadelphia Scandal.—Mrs. Brown, a handsome and rich widow, and the mother of a pretty daughter of fifteen summers, by some means became acquainted with a young carpenter, who, though a fine looking man, was in rather poor circumstances. The carpenter visited the lady's residence very frequently, gallanted her to church, the theatres, &c., scarcely ever paying marked attention to the daughter, who sometimes accompanied them. Madame Rumor, with her thousand tongues, soon noted it that the carpenter and widow were about to be made one, and his friends congratulated him on the prospect of being able to "hang up his hat." The widow, too, was complimented by her acquaintances, and, in fact, she began to think that the thing would take place, although the carpenter had not, as yet, "popped the question." With the craft naturally possessed by "widowers," she threw out a hint to her gallant at his next interview, and from this hint he took it for granted that she was anything but averse to a matrimonial union with him. He thought it was time to act and undecisive the lady, which he certainly did, and astonished her too, for next morning he eloped with her daughter! This set all the gossips in the neighborhood going, and they one and all pronounced it scandalous. The girl's mother, however, being a woman of sense, takes it philosophically, and has forgiven the young people, who are now domiciled at the family residence. She gives her daughter credit for the shrewdness the latter exhibited in her courtship, and also the carpenter for his discretion in picking from the two the youngest and the prettiest.

Ohio Courtship.—A pioneer celebration last week in Cincinnati, Mr. Taylor, one of those marvellous men called oldest inhabitants, made the following speech: "One subject, always interesting to pioneers, had been omitted by the speakers—pioneer courtship! He could speak, from experience, of the happy times when boys and girls used to 'sit up' together, when courting was done Sunday nights, and sparring was enjoyed in the only family room of the log cabin, blankets the only partitions and the curtains around the bed of the old folks. About eight the children would climb the ladder to their bunks, close under the shake roof, and in an hour more father and mother would also retire behind the blankets, leaving the sparkers sitting at opposite corners of a spacious stick chimney fireplace. Soon the fire would need a little fixing with the wooden shovel or poker, and in resuming seats, some how chairs would manifest unusual attraction for closer contiguity. If chilly must sit close together to keep warm; if dark, to keep the bears off!" Of what was then whispered Mr. T. was mum, but when the first hearty smack broke the cabin stillness, the gentle breathing behind the blanket was often interrupted by a slight hacking cough. When a strapping boy he fell head over ears in love with a girl of the real Plymouth rock stamp. She lived twenty miles away, and he went to see her regularly every fourth Sunday night. He won the lass, longed to marry her, but, as the course of true love never ran smooth, her mother objected. He, however, kept on courting until he got to love everything on the old man's farm. At last love and perseverance were rewarded, and the wedding day was fixed. The new country was sickly, and he often found himself feeling his pulse as the day of days drew near, in a tremor lest the shakes should be added to the fever consuming him. Got married without accident, moved to his log cabin, went to housekeeping. Election soon came on, went to the polls, was asked if he was of age, and didn't vote. Mrs. T. was also annoyed about it; and when election next came round, that very morning she presented him with a little counterpart of himself. The news reached the town-meeting before him, and nobody now objected to his voting.

Nicaragua.—There is no reason to believe that Mr. Buchanan and Lord Napier differ in their Central American ideas. General Walker, as he is facetiously called, has so terribly mismanaged his matters that not even General Henningsen or T. F. Meagher believe him. Not even our filibustering friend, John Savage, of the States. But whether Mr. Buchanan or Lord Napier understand or misunderstand, the people will no longer consent to be hoodwinked. We must have a decided policy on that most important of all questions to a nation owning California—a railway to the Pacific.

The Cangemi Trial.—This most remarkable case is over at last. Cangemi is found guilty of manslaughter, after four trials. With that remarkable fate, however, which attends all concerning this singular man, the fourth trial had the interest of an arrest of one of the jurors for perjury. We are bound to confess that, despite all that has appeared in evidence against him, we have considerable doubts, partly founded on his previous good character, the total absence of faith we put in negroes, whose evidence is very properly null and void in Southern States, and above all, in the unwearied attention Cangemi paid to his business. Only on these grounds can we account for the monomaniacal exertions of his indefatigable counsellors, Ashmead and Blankman.

An Example for Mr. Buchanan.—We copy from a daily paper the following notice of the restoration of Miss Polydore to her father. How many poor American women are there in Utah praying for deliverance? How many of our citizens in the dungeons of South America and Spain? If England—proud, aristocratic England—feels it her duty to stretch her arms five thousand miles, and tear from the clutches of these Mormon beasts a poor girl, have we no motive to rescue our citizens from the hands of tyrants, or to demand vengeance if they fall victims to foreign brutality? Why did Mr. Buchanan omit in the catalogue of our grievances against that brutal and imbecile bigot, Spain, that wholesale murder of our citizens by the butcher Concha in 1850? Let every true American blush as he reads this simple announcement from the *Herald*: "The steamship Africa, which left this port yesterday for Liverpool, carried off \$187,000 in specie and sixty-five passengers. Among the latter was a messenger of the British Government, having in charge a young girl named Henrietta Polydore, who was brought from Utah by Judge Eccles, in obedience to instructions from our Government. Miss Polydore was some years since taken from England by her mother, who had embraced the 'faith of the Latter Day Saints, and her father applied to the English authorities for her restoration. After due investigation of the case before the Federal Court at Great Salt Lake City, it was decided to restore the girl to her father, and she was accordingly brought to Washington and delivered to the custody of Lord Napier, the British Minister, who has despatched her to England as above stated. It is said that the mother of the girl followed her to Washington."

Attempt of a Young Woman to Commit Suicide.—Fanny Stanley, a young woman who for some weeks past has been boarding at a respectable house, kept by one Frederick Carsten, No. 118 Centre street, attempted suicide on Wednesday afternoon, by stabbing herself with a pocket knife. It appears that she had become tired of leading an abandoned life, and a few days ago made an effort to end her miseries by opening a vein in her arm. She was, however, discovered bleeding, and prevented from carrying her design into effect. On Wednesday she again attempted self-destruction, and stabbed herself several times in the wrist and arm. Carsten saw her in the yard bleeding, and went to take the knife from her, but failed to get it; he swore she should stay in his house no longer, and attempted to turn her into the street. She turned upon him and stabbed him in the left breast, inflicting a very dangerous wound. The police were called and arrested the girl, who was taken to the City Prison, where her wounds were dressed. Carsten bled very profusely, and was hurried to the Hospital, where he lies greatly exhausted. The girl is but nineteen years of age, and rather handsome. Her true name is believed to be Howard. She is said to be very respectably connected, and was brought up in Virginia, where her family now reside. She had been in the city but a few months before she fell a victim to the seducer, and soon after this took board in a Church street den, where she remained until a few weeks ago, when she went to Carsten's place. She states that she had no ill-feeling against Carsten, and stabbed him in a sudden fit of passion.

An Irish Repartee.—The Irish mind is a never-failing source of wit. The following is the latest specimen: Patrick is baggage master on the Georgia Railroad, and always attentive to his business. A few evenings since, while at his post, he was accosted by an excited passenger, who, in a rude and boisterous manner, demanded repeatedly to know the whereabouts of his trunk. Pat, after several times replying to the interrogatory, at length lost his patience, and thus put an end to the stranger's troublesome questioning: "Och, mister, I wish in my soul you were the elephant instead of the jacks, for tain't you'd have your trunk always under your eye."

FOREIGN NEWS.

The Arabia brings intelligence to the 4th. We are happy to say that the Indian Empire is safe, having arrived at Broadhaven, county Mayo, on the 26th ult. Her fuel being exhausted she laid to for a week within a day or two's steaming of Galway during two furious storms.

Lord Derby had formally refused to assume the protectorate of Sarawak. All the English papers containing the trial of Montalembert have been suppressed in France.

The ten deputies of Corfu had protested against the statement that the inhabitants desire incorporation with Great Britain, and say they wish annexation to Greece.

The Prussian elections resulted overwhelmingly in favor of the Ministry. The Chambers are almost entirely Liberal.

The telegraph between the Dardanelles, Syria and Clio had been successfully laid.

Between Candia and Egypt had broken.

An unsuccessful attempt had been made to assassinate the Kamakian at Bucharest, by means of a fulminating shell.

The Calcutta mails of Oct. 23, and the Hong Kong mails of Oct. 13, reached England on the 28th ult. The typhoon at Swatow was of unprecedented violence, laying houses and everything in ruins, and driving vessels high on land. About 3,000 Chinese were drowned, and also several Europeans.

The Cochinchinese were concentrating 100,000 men around the capital, against the French and Spanish forces.

Commissioner Reed and Baron Gros were at Japan, at the mouth of the river with the screw-steamer Genova, bound for London. Both vessels were seriously injured and had to be run aground. The Goodspeed had five feet of water in her hold.

The London Times continues editorially to hold up the corruption which prevails amongst officials in the United States, as a warning against the adoption of universal suffrage. It likewise draws a similar lesson from the Canada system.

The London Herald's Paris correspondent says, that it is asserted in political circles that the British Cabinet has sent a circular to all the European Governments, stating in the most explicit terms that it does not share, by any means, the views stated in Sir John Young's despatches, surreptitiously obtained and lately published, respecting the Ionian Islands.

An influential meeting of gentlemen connected with the corn trade has been held at Liverpool. Resolutions were adopted in favor of making the weight of 100 lbs. the standard weight in all sales of grain, flour and wheat. It was proposed to adopt the system throughout England on the 1st of February.

Much anxiety was felt for the troop-ship Bombay, with about 300 soldiers on board, bound for India. The ship was dismantled, and lost some of her crew as she was proceeding round to Cork for additional troops. She was afterwards seen battling against the storm in a most distressed condition, but still making good headway under jury-masts for Plymouth.

The Prince of Wales visits Rome this season incognito.

The Lord Lieutenant of Ireland had issued a proclamation against ribbonism and other secret societies.

The English funds had been depressed; Montalembert's pardon caused a slight improvement, but they again relapsed. Money continued quite abundant and easy. At Hamburg the rate of discount had declined to 2 1/2 per cent. Atlantic Telegraph shares had declined to £250 to £280.

CENTRAL AMERICA.

As a proof of the insidious manner in which Great Britain works, we have only to quote the following: "Her Britannic Majesty's ship Vixen is waiting at Panama for Sir William Gore Ouseley to settle the Central American imbroglio. She is, meanwhile, courting the Panama people by giving them festivities and comedies (an old custom in the English naval service), entertaining the Panamanos and their fair ladies abroad, without distinction of complexion." This is quite in keeping with the white parties at the White-House, where Sartiges, Napier, Buchanan and Cass shuffle the cards to their hearts' content.

The Slave Question.—The London News has the following disgraceful remarks: "The American Government has just sent to Liberia a cargo of recaptured negroes, who are no more at home there than in South Carolina, and who might just as easily have been sent to their homes near Kabenda. While such helpless things are sent to a colony which is underfed and bare of work, and for ever overflooded by a new deluge of hungry paupers, while slave-traders and imperial agents are hovering round to pick up a cargo of colonial immigrants at so much a head, to serve without wages and without hope of return, it is the duty of England and her true allies to see that there is no foul play that they can prevent."

There is only one part in which we agree with the foregoing, and that is that Liberia is rapidly becoming the store to which darkies can be obtained for the asking. It would be a strange but not unexpected event, should a great slavery firm exist under the name of Greeley, Benson, Beecher and Fred Douglass!

MEXICO.

We have news from Vera Cruz to the 2d inst. There is no question that Zuloaga has been defeated. We may, therefore, hope to hear by the next arrival that this wretched land-pirate is hors de combat. The Spanish Consul at Tabasco has kept a Spanish sloop-of-war there to protect his nation's subjects.

The Manchester Chamber of Commerce recently addressed a memorial to the Earl of Malmesbury, in reference to the outrages committed upon British subjects in Mexico. A reply has been received which says that her Majesty's Government have long witnessed with indignation and regret the violence and extortion of every kind of which British subjects in Mexico have so much reason to complain, and which they suffer indiscriminately at the hands of all parties, whether acting in behalf or against the Government established in the capital. Her Majesty's Minister in Mexico is using his utmost exertions to obtain relief for her Majesty's subjects, and the attention of her Majesty's Government is constantly directed to the same object. But the state of anarchy, and the weakness of the Government in Mexico, render it almost impossible to obtain redress for any wrongs inflicted, or to secure protection against the violence of the contending parties, the executive being powerless, though willing, to afford it.

GOSSIP OF THE WORLD.

ENGLAND.

Art Memoranda.—Madame Anna Bishop is giving grand concerts in Exeter Hall—our old friend, George Loder, conducting them. At the Haymarket Charles Mathews has produced a new farce, called "My Mother's Maid," in which he and his wife have the chief parts. At the Princess's, Charles Kean has produced "Much Ado About Nothing," in his usual style. He has also brought out a new farce called "Thirty-three Next Birthday." It is from the French by Morton, and gives ample scope for Cooper and Miss Murray's peculiar style of acting. At the Standard, Madame Celeste has introduced a piece called "Satan," in which she plays the Devil in a most charming manner. A Mr. Montgomery Stuart has made a great hit with his lectures on Shakespeare's plays, commencing with the "Tempest."

A company of capitalists has been organized for the purpose of founding a crystal palace at Huxwell Hill, a place about a mile from Highgate. It is intended for the gratification of the inhabitants of the northern suburbs of London, as the Crystal Palace at Sydenham is for that of the southern. It promises to be a great success. The preparations for the Grand Handel Festival, to be held next June at the Sydenham Palace, have already commenced.

Louisa Pyne and Harrison have brought out at Drury Lane the "Bohemian Girl." Their great Christmas piece is to be a new opera by Balfe, the subject taken from Casotti's celebrated story of "Le Diable Amoureux." It has, of course, so the critics say, been purified. The Crystal Palace Winter Saturday Concerts have been commenced with great éclat. We also learn that Piccolomini has met with "a characteristic reception" in New York.

Some very remarkable pictures are about to be exhibited in London, the architectural part by David Roberts and the waves by Clarkson Stanfield. Mr. and Mrs. Howard Paul announce two more nights of "Patchwork" at the Egyptian Hall; Mrs. Paul's imitation of Sims Reeves is pronounced wonderful.

Extraordinary Case of Self-Mutilation by a Soldier.—An extraordinary instance of self-mutilation by a soldier, with the view of disqualifying himself from further military service, has just taken place at Chatham garrison, a private of the Eighty-first Regiment, named George Drower, having deliberately shot off his right leg by a ball from his Enfield-rifled musket, in order thereby to obtain his discharge from the regiment. The occurrence took place in one of the barrack-rooms of St. Mary's barracks, where the Eighty-first depot is stationed, causing the utmost consternation among the troops at the time. The man, who is of moody, sullen disposition, was seen to load his musket, when he deliberately pointed it to his leg and fired, the ball shattering the limb below the knee. He was at once conveyed to the garrison hospital, where the remaining portion of the leg was immediately amputated by Dr. Maclean, the principal medical officer. Since the occurrence Drower is very anxious that it should be understood he was laboring under religious excitement when he committed the act; and his conversation since he has been in hospital would lead to the supposition that he is under a monomania on the subject of religion. This, however, is believed to be assumed, the belief being that he artfully maimed himself in order to obtain his discharge. As soon as he is able to leave the hospital he will be brought to trial before a court-martial, the duty of making it a serious crime for any soldier to mutilate himself. This is not the first instance of a soldier deliberately maiming himself, a man having deliberately blown off one of his hands, and another chopped off a finger, with the view of obtaining his discharge. Both these prisoners were, however, sentenced to long periods of imprisonment.

Unpleasant Curiosity.—Mr. Garnett, in his recent canvass for member of Parliament, called at a shop to see the proprietor. Upon his telling him son the business he came upon, the lad went to the foot of the stairs and cried, "Mother, here's a man wants you to vote for him as a Parliament man." Upon which a shrill voice cried down from her eminence, "Tell him father is out; but if he will thank his name on the counter, he shall inquire into his character!" We are afraid this inquiry would not do in New York.

The Peer and the Quaker.—Bright gets a little "tit for tat" from the *Saturday Review*, for his rude remarks upon the peerage. It says it may be very smart of Mr. Bright to ask "What is a peer?" and then answer his own question by saying, "He is a man who is born with a silver spoon

in his mouth;" but what would he say were the Duke of Devonshire to get up in a public assembly and ask, "What is a cotton spinner?" and then reply, "He is a man who is born with a ball of cotton where his heart ought to be, and with his ears stuffed full of calico!"

Lord Lyons.—The death of this eminent sailor has elicited another fact in the Crimean war. The Times tells the following anecdote: "A day or two after the battle of Balaklava, Sir Edmund Lyons, on landing, learnt to his astonishment that orders had been issued to the Naval Brigade to embark as many guns as possible during the day, for Balaklava was to be evacuated at night—of course surrendering to the enemy the greater portion of the guns. On his own responsibility the Admiral at once put a stop to the execution of this order, and went in search of Lord Raglan, who, it appears, had come to the resolution of abandoning Balaklava in consequence of the opinion expressed by the engineers that, after the loss of the redoubts in our rear, lately held by the Turks, we ought to concentrate our strength on the plateau. Taking Lord Raglan aside, Sir Edmund Lyons strongly opposed these views; he pointed out that the advanced position in the valley in front of which these redoubts were situated had been originally occupied, in accordance with the advice of those very officers, and in opposition to that of Sir Edmund, who had suggested at the time that they were covering too much ground; he argued that, as the engineers had been mistaken once, they might be wrong again; and he clinched his argument by saying that, whatever might be the value of his opinion in such a case, he was, at all events, entitled to pronounce an opinion as to the insufficiency of Kamiesch as a harbor for the allied armies; that this harbor was utterly inadequate; and that the abandonment of Balaklava meant the evacuation of the Crimea in a week. After some conversation, Lord Raglan said, 'Well, you were right before, and this time I will act upon your advice.' Sir Edmund obtained leave to countermand the orders which had been issued; Balaklava was maintained as our base of operations, and the army was saved from what might have proved an inglorious defeat, if not a terrible disaster."

An English Husband.—Mr. Charles Turner, who lived at Peckham Rye, had a woman named Ellen Little living with him as his wife. On Tuesday week she was delivered of a dead child; and an assault which ended in her death, was, it is said, subsequently committed by Mr. Turner. It appears that after the child had been born on Tuesday, Mr. Turner left home, and returned about one o'clock on the following morning. He was then very quiet and pleasant in his manner, and smoked a cigar and had some gin and water in the bed-room. At four o'clock he broke out in a violent passion. There had been a cat in the room, and it ran out, and he became very exasperated. The cat was on the chair a minute before, and when he missed it he insisted upon the deceased going to look for it. He went to the side of the bed, and said if she did not get out he would murder her. At that time he had a stick in his hand and tried to strike her, but was prevented. Deceased put on her petticoats, but not her shoes and stockings, and went down stairs, he following her. She (deceased) tried to get out of the door, but he drove her towards the kitchen. She seemed dreadfully alarmed, and screamed murder. He pushed her the whole way along the passage into the kitchen. He then took up the sofa, and said he would kill her. The deceased was down stairs from ten to fifteen minutes, when she was got up stairs to bed. Mr. Turner again procured the stick and endeavored to strike the deceased but was prevented. Deceased became very bad, her feet and legs being very cold. Mr. Turner, on the same morning, between eight and nine o'clock, drew a sword, and threatened to murder the deceased and any one that attempted to interfere. After the sword was taken away he became quiet and slept a little until Mr. Stokes came, between ten and eleven. Mr. Turner still continued violent, and made use of threats to deceased. She remained very ill up to the time of her death, which occurred on Saturday afternoon.

The surgeon who attended the woman in her confinement testified at the inquest to having heard Mr. Turner some days before use very violent language to the deceased woman, and make charges against her to which the surgeon would not listen. He had heard what had been stated, and was of opinion that her being forced from her bed in the cold would aggravate the disease she was laboring under. If she had not gone in the cold she might have lived longer. Mr. Turner was present when he ordered the deceased to be kept quiet.

Coroner: Have you any statement to make to the court, Mr. Turner, as you can now do so; but you are not bound to make such statement unless you think proper. Mr. Turner: I have nothing particular to say, only that she has had every attention. I have sat up with her night and day, and everything has been done for her, and all care used, except when I got angry, as you have heard.

The learned coroner having summed up, after a short consultation, a verdict of manslaughter was returned against Charles Turner. The various witnesses having been bound over to prosecute, the coroner issued his warrant, and Mr. Turner was conveyed by Woodman the officer to Horsefonger-lane goal, to await his trial.

British Despotism.—If a king of Naples imprisons a brawling demagogue for a year or so, just to cool him, there is an awful howl from that insouciant English journalist, both here and in London. What have such men to say to the inmates of their own much vaunted country, where a pig with a golden ring in his nose is more esteemed than a poor Tennyson without a shilling in his pocket? Louis Napoleon is not such a bad man after all, compared to such villains as the Lord Chancellors of England.

Thomas Clarke, an inmate of the Queen's Prison, has been recently removed from there to Bedlam Hospital, in a state of insanity. This is the second time the authorities of the prison have found it necessary to place Mr. Clarke under proper surveillance as a lunatic, he having been first removed from the Queen's Prison to Bedlam Hospital in 1831. After remaining in Bedlam four years, this unhappy gentleman (who has been a prisoner nearly forty years for alleged contempt of the Court of Chancery), was returned to the custody of the governor of the Queen's Prison as cured of his dreadful malady; but, unfortunately, such was not the case, and he is again an inmate of a madhouse.

How can that whitened sepulchre, the London press, say a word in condemnation of the trial of the Count Montalembert?

SPAIN.

Spanish Brigands.—A letter from Malaga states that a party of mounted highwaymen had carried off two gentlemen of Teba who were shooting in the neighboring hills, and had made proposals of ransom to their relatives. Vigorous measures had been taken by the authorities, the culprits secured and the alarmed sportsmen set at liberty. And we have another from Reus, which reveals a lamentable disregard of religion in Spanish highwaymen. It is pleasant to find, however, that three criminals confessed to the Archbishop. On the 16th, four assassins were garroted at Reus for having broken into a farm-house and barbarously assassinated its inmates. When they were put into capilla, they manifested a desire to make their wills and see their families. One named Arnau, visited by his wife; another, named Sedo, by his wife and daughter, a child of some six or seven years of age; and a third of the name of Borras, by his two brothers; the fourth, named Vilella, received no visit. At the dinner hour they all sat down together, and the prisoners ate heartily, the daughter of Sedo eating out of the same plate with her father. The conversation during the dinner was extremely gay, each condemned criminal vying with his companions in jokes or story-telling. After dinner they confessed and received absolution, but as the officiating priest reported to his superior that they did not appear to be in a very fit state for dying, the Archbishop, who is said to have great gifts of persuasion in these circumstances, came and remained with them till their last moments. His success was complete with three of them; but Vilella, who has all along appeared the most hardened villain, broke out into imprecations and unseemly jests, even while the executioner was tying him to the fatal post.

IONIAN ISLANDS.

Mr. Gladstone's mission to the Ionian Islands greatly occupies public attention. The right honorable gentleman has been sent to Corfu, to examine into the actual state of affairs in the Ionian Islands, and to report on the same to the British Government, but he has not received instructions to examine into the merits of the proposition which was made by the Lord High Commissioner to her Majesty's Government on the 10th of June, 1857.

The British Cabinet has never entertained an idea of relinquishing any of the Ionian Islands, and the "surreptitious" publication of Sir John Young's dispatch has given Ministers great annoyance. It was at first supposed that one of the official copies of the dispatch had been purloined, and put into the hands of the editor of the London paper in which the document was first published, but on examination it was found that such was not the case. The account given of the matter by the principal party concerned was, that a copy of the dispatch was brought to him by a Philhellene, who was desirous that the public should be made acquainted with the peculiar opinions entertained by the governor of the Ionian Islands.

CHINA.

Albert Smith.—This lively but chaplain lecturer made a great hit in Hong Kong with his lecture. We copy the following from the Hong Kong Daily Press of September 28, relative to an entertainment given by Mr. Albert Smith at the Club House, for the benefit of the local charities, on the previous Saturday:

"His success was unprecedentedly brilliant in the annals of China. The rooms were thronged, the audience were in raptures; and, although the charge for admittance was very low, the receipts realized £200 clear profit. Some of the local allusions in *Galignani's Messenger* to Hong Kong and its topics elicited rapturous applause, at one time completely stopping him. Mr. Albert Smith's departure from China in the Norma, on the 28th, was a perfect ovation. The Chinese populace, hearing that he had raised a large sum to be divided amongst the poor, requested permission, through Mr. Rosario, of the Home Office, to carry him to the point of embarkation. About one o'clock in the afternoon a very picturesque native procession, with banners, embroidered cloths, lanterns, musical instruments and various glittering accessories, formed in front of the club at Hong Kong, and an elaborately carved and gilt palanquin, similar to those used in the native wedding festivals, borne by four Chinese, carried Mr. Smith from the Club, along the Queen's Road, to the office and wharf of the *Peninsular and Oriental Company*, amidst the firing of guns and rockets, the music of the band, the cries of the people, and last, but not least, the hearty English 'three times three' from the members of the Club, who clustered about the portico and balconies of that fine building to wish their popular countryman God speed on his voyage. No similar compliment that we can call to mind has ever been paid by the Chinese people here to an Englishman. Let us hope that such evidences of good feeling on either side may become frequent. Mr. Smith leaves us with the best and most sincere wishes for his prosperity and happiness from all classes of our somewhat divided society, amongst whom his unaffected good temper and agreeable social qualities have made him most popular."

CHESS.

All communications and newspapers intended for the Chess Department should be addressed to T. Frere, the Chess Editor, Box 2495, N. Y. P. O.

The New Staunton Men and Boards.—In answer to many correspondents we would say that the new men and boards will be ready in a few days. We have not considered it advisable to produce them hurriedly, as we desire to have them perfect. Any one at a distance may now order the new articles by enclosing the price, as follows: The new Chess men, club size, \$5; Parlor size, \$4; the new boards (twenty-two in square), \$3. These articles are now in such a state of forwardness that we shall be able to send them off by the time that orders, in reply to this paragraph, reach us. Correspondents will please be particular as to the directions for shipping.

PAUL MORPHY IN PARIS.—We are favored with the exact score of Morphy's doings in the Paris Chess world up to the present time:

Even Games.—With Laroche Morphy wins five, draws one and loses none; with De Riviere Morphy wins six, loses one, and draws one; with Journaud Morphy plays twelve, and wins twelve; with Budinsky Morphy plays seven, and wins seven; with Bauchen Morphy plays two, and wins two; with Harwitz Morphy wins five, loses three, and draws one. This allows the trial game before match, which was won by Harwitz. It is said Morphy will play another match with Harwitz.

Games, Morphy giving Pawn and Move.—With Devinek Morphy has played two, and drawn both; with Guibert Morphy has played one and gained same. Games, Morphy giving Pawn and Two.—With Leervain Morphy wins five, and loses two; with Lequeune Morphy wins three and draws one; and with Delannoy Morphy plays four and wins all.

Consultation Games.—Morphy played one game against Journaud and De Riviere, and lost it; against St. Amant and Lequeune Morphy plays two games—and wins both; and against St. Amant and M. F. de L'E. Morphy played three and won all.

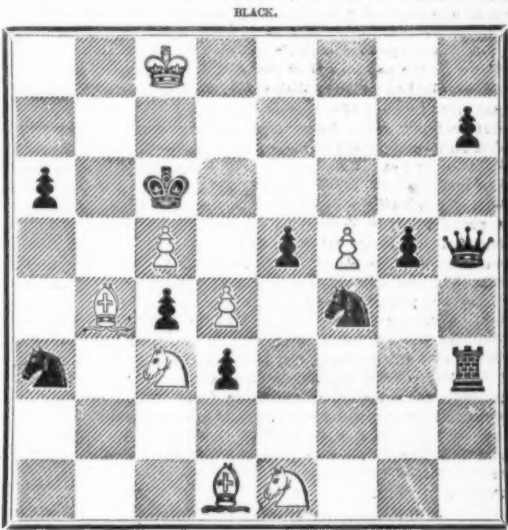
The above score is independent of games at Knight, Rook, &c., nearly all won by the young American, to say nothing of numerous Chess battles in the first Parisian salons against dukes, princes, duchesses, and the *élite* of the *beau monde*, hardly interesting in their results to "our" humanity.

ANOTHER NEW CHESS CLUB.—A Chess club was formed at Bath, N. Y., lately, with the following officers: B. Rice, President; Lewis S. Holden, Vice President; E. H. Underhill, Secretary. The club is in a prosperous condition and numbers twenty-four members, among whom the best players are Col. G. Loomis, U. S. A.; S. H. Hammond, Esq., A. J. McCall, Esq., N. Howell, Esq. The club is at present engaged in playing a match of three games by telegraph with the Painted Post Club. The match commenced on Friday evening last, since which time seventeen moves have been made. We hope to receive the games when finished.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.—E. E. Charleston, S. C. Problem No. 1 in Frere's Chess Hand-Book is correct. If Black plays K to K 4, White takes R with R, mate. J. H. F., Portland, Me. Have forwarded you the articles ordered—Jacou Elson. The last two problems with which you have favored us are on file for insertion.—HARRY GRAY. Ditto to your one—JOHN TANNER, New Orleans. Yours also are on file for use, except the following, which require a little further scrutiny on your part: No. 2. Try if Castling on Queen's side does not give another solution. No. 3. Try K to Kt's 8. No. 4. Try K to K R 7 or B to K Kt 5. No. 5. Try K to Kt 3, and afterwards K to Kt 4.—P. J. D., Hoboken, N. J. Your No. 5 is sound, and will be duly inserted.—A. J. H., Kewanee, Ill. In your position, No. 7, we think we see mate in two. Please try it.

SOLUTIONS RECEIVED.—J. P. C., Troy, N. Y.; H. M. L., Centralla, Ill. (The problem was correctly printed. After forwarding your analysis to the author. More hereafter; W. H. C. (Please send us a corrected copy of the problem referred to); H. G. A., Louisville, Ky. (Solution and your problem received. The latter will be duly examined and reported upon); P. A. A., Jr. (Shall be happy to hear from you on the Morphy Testimonial. Your request shall be complied with).

PROBLEM No. 176. Most respectfully dedicated to Masters FREDERIC and CHARLES GRAEF, of Brooklyn. By E. A. B., of Charleston, S. C. White to play and mate in three moves.



GAME played in the California State Tournament between Mr. D. S. ROBINSON and Mr. SEYMOUR FRANKLIN.

BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.
Mr. R.	Mr. F.	Mr. R.	Mr. F.
1 P to Q 4	P to Q 4	29 Q to Q B 3	Q tks Q (ch)
2 P to Q B 4	P to K 3	30 R tks Q	K tks Kt
3 P to K 3	Kt to K B 3	31 P tks Kt	R tks P
4 Kt to K B 3	P to Q R 3	32 R to K B sq	R tks R
5 P to Q R 3	Kt to Q B 3	33 K tks R	R to K B sq (ch)
6 Kt to Q B 3	B to K 2	34 K to K 2	R to H 3
7 P tks P	P tks P	35 K to Kt 3	K to H 2
8 P to K R 3	B to K 3	36 K to Kt 4	K to Kt 3
9 B to Q 3	P to K R 3	37 R to Q B 5	R to K 3
10 P to Q Kt 4	P to Q Kt 4	38 R to B 3	R to K 6 (ch)
11 B to Q Kt 2	B to Q 3	39 K to B 3	R to Q B 3
12 R to Q B sq	Q Kt to K 2	40 R to Q 3	K to H 4
13 Kt to Q B 2	P to Q B 3	41 R to Kt 3	K to K 4
14 Kt to K 5	R to Q B sq	42 R to Q 3	R to K 5
15 P to K B 4	P to Kt 3	43 R to B 3	K to Q 3
16 Q to K B 2	Kt to K R 4	44 R to Q 3	P to Q B 4
17 P to Kt 4	Kt to K Kt 2	45 P tks P (ch)	K tks P
18 Kt to K 2	P to K B 4	46 R to Q sq	K to B 5
19 Q to K R 4	B tks Kt	47 R to B sq (ch)	K to Kt 6
20 Q P tks B	P to K Kt 4	48 R to B 6	R to Q R 5
21 P tks P	Kt to K Kt 3	49 H to K Kt 6	K tks P
22 Q to K B 2	R P tks P	50 R tks P	P to Kt 5
23 B tks P	Castles	51 R tks P	P to Kt 6
24 Kt to K Kt 3	Q to Q B 2	52 P to K 4	P to Kt 7
25 B tks B (ch)	Kt tks B	53 R to K 4	K to R 7
26 Q to Kt 2	Kt tks P	54 K to B 4	R to Q 5
27 B tks Q	Q tks H	55 R to K sq	P to Kt 8 queen's
28 Kt to K B 5	Kt to K Kt 2		K tks R

Black resigns.

GAME between C. H. STANLEY and T. LICHTENHEIM.

WHITE.	BLACK.	WHITE.	BLACK.
Mr. L.	Mr. S.	Mr. L.	Mr. S.
1 P to K 4	P to K 4	25 Q to Q B sq	B tks Kt
2 K Kt to B 3	Q Kt to B 3	26 Q tks B	Kt to K B 3
3 B to Q Kt 5	P to Q 3	27 P tks P	P to Q 5
4 P to Q 4	P tks P	28 K tks B	Kt tks Kt
5 Kt tks P	B to Q 3	29 P to K R 3	Kt to K 6
6 B tks Kt	P tks H	30 Q to Q 3	K R to R 5
7 Castles	B to K 2	31 Q tks R	Q tks B
8 P to K B 4	P to Q B 4	32 R to B 3	Kt to B 4
9 Kt to K B 3	P to Q B 3	33 R to B 3	P to Q B 4
10 Q to K B 3	P to K B 3	34 R to K B sq	R to K 6
11 P to K B 5	P to K Kt 4	35 R tks R	Kt tks R
12 P tks P (en pas)	P to B 2	36 R to Q Kt sq	K to R 3
13 Q to Q 3	K to B 2	37 Q to K 2	Q to B 6
14 P to K 5	B to K B 4	38 R to K 5	P to K 5
15 Q to Q B 4 (ch)	P to Q 4	39 R tks P	Kt to B 4
16 Q to K 2	K to Kt 2	40 R to Q 5	Kt to Kt 6
17 B to K B 4	R to Q Kt sq	41 Q to K sq	P to K 6
18 P to Q Kt 3	R to Kt 5	42 R to Kt 5	P to K 7
19 B to Kt 3	R to K Kt 5	43 R to Q Kt sq	P to Q 6
20 Kt to Q sq	P to Q B 5	44 P tks P	Q to Q 6 (ch)
21 B to K B 2	R to K 6	45 Q to B 2	K tks Q P
22 Kt to K 3	B P tks K P	46 Q to K B 4 (ch)	K to R 4
23 Kt to Q 3	B to K Kt 5	47 Q to B 3 (ch)	Q tks Q
24 Q to K sq	B to Q Kt 5	48 P tks Q	Black resigns.

GEN. JUSTO J. URQUIZA, PRESIDENT OF THE ARGENTINE CONFEDERATION.

THE downfall of Rosas, the famous Governor of Buenos Ayres, who, during fifteen years, oppressed the vast territory which he directly ruled, and the still vaster region indirectly subject to his authority, with a tyranny the most cruel, was accomplished on the 3d of February, 1852, at the battle of Monte Caseros, fought at the gates of Buenos Ayres. Rosas fled to England, and his vanquisher, General Urquiza, Governor of the Provinces of Entre Rios and Corrientes, entered Buenos Ayres in triumph. He was hailed as a liberator, and was appointed Provisional Director of the Argentine Confederation, consisting of Buenos Ayres and thirteen other Provinces. In this Confederation a strife between two governmental ideas has been maintained ever since the Declaration of Independence, a strife between the partisans of Federalism and Unitarianism, in which hitherto the Federalists had triumphed. The idea of this party was to render the connection between the States a species of voluntary cohesion, in opposition to the centralizing tendency prevailing in our own Republic; while the Unitarians were for rendering their country a compact unit, composed of States sovereign in themselves, but equally obedient to a common organic law. The Federalists were especially strong in Buenos Ayres, which rich and important Province and city preponderated by reason of its monopoly of the sea coast, customs revenue and other lesser advantages which it was unwilling to share with thirteen Confederate States, and, accordingly, in 1853, she rejected or "nullified" the Constitution which had been adopted, and withdrew from the Union, opposing force to the attempts made by General Urquiza to retain her in the Confederation. The remaining Provinces adopted the Constitution, which resembles our own, and placed General Urquiza in the presidential chair at the election of 1854. The term of office is six years.

General Urquiza has proved an indefatigable laborer for the prosperity of his country. He has swept away the last remaining vestiges of the old Spanish revenue laws, and has abolished the vexatious internal customs which impeded traffic between State and State. At the same time he has accelerated the development of the internal resources of the Argentine Confederation, by giving it an outlet for traffic with foreign countries. The secession of Buenos Ayres has turned to the advantage of the remaining States. Hitherto all the produce that was exported from the Confederation was compelled to pass through Buenos Ayres, as there was no port on the river frontier of the other States; but by the establishment of an export tariff highly favorable to shippers from the Confederation direct, he has attracted already a vast amount of trade to the town of Rosario, on the river Parana, which will become in a few years one of the greatest commercial entrepôts in South America for the export of produce and the import of manufactured goods. Besides this great measure, General Urquiza has influenced the national Congress in declaring freedom of education and of public worship for all religions. He is as yet comparatively young, of a strong constitution, the richest landowner in the Argentine Territory, and he has fairly earned such a glory as will remain a permanent moral power in his hands. He has now before him the position of Washington—to become the generous supporter of the constitutional authority which he has established, sword in hand, not for his own account, but for that of his legitimate sovereign—the whole nation. The fourteenth article of the Argentine Constitution enacts that the Executive Power is to have a duration of six years only. None of its principal members can remain twelve years in the several posts of that Executive Power, so that the present Government must be renewed in 1860 by the suffrage of the population of the Argentine Provinces.

THE PICCOLOMINI TESTIMONIAL.

WE present to our readers this week a cut of the magnificent bracelet presented to the charming Piccolomini, on the occasion of her benefit at the Academy of Music, as a souvenir, by a number of her admirers. The presentation was made before the curtain, by D. Kingland, Esq., in a courteous, pleasant and genial speech, and was responded to by Mlle. Piccolomini, who, in pretty broken English, said a few words expressive of her gratified feelings in language as earnest as she could command.

The bracelet is exquisite in its workmanship and very valuable. It is arranged so that the magnificent cluster of diamonds can be used either as a bracelet or a breast-pin. The setting is gold and black enamel open work. The cost of the bracelet was twelve hundred dollars, but Mr. Tiffany, with his accustomed liberality, deducted from the selling price two hundred dollars. A liberal subscription to an artistic souvenir.

The setting of the bracelet was completed in the establishment of Messrs. Tiffany & Co., which is probably the most extensive, complete and thorough in the country. It is, indeed, a grand emporium of all that is rich, rare, curious, quaint and costly in the shape of jewellery, plate, chandeliers, bronzes, &c. They make a great show at this holiday season, and all who are engaged in the pleasant pastime of purchasing gifts for friends would do well to visit the marble palace of Tiffany & Co., 550 Broadway.

SCENE FROM "THE MERCHANT OF VENICE," AT WALLACK'S THEATRE.

(See Illustration on page 62.)

THE scene from this magnificent spectacle, now being performed at Wallack's Theatre, which we have selected for illustration, is the third of the First Act, in which Shylock, Antonio and Bassanio meet. The Jew, indulging in a bitter aside, on the entrance of Antonio, feigns not to notice him, until Bassanio re-enters and exclaims:

Shylock, do you hear?
BASSANIO—I am debating of my present store.
To Antonio (affecting not to have seen him before),
Rest you fair, good signior;
Your worship was the last man in our mouths.

We have given in its proper place our criticisms on the play itself, and it is therefore unnecessary to repeat them here. The principal characters are distributed as follows: Antonio, Mr. Dyott; Bassanio, Mr. Lester Wallack; Shylock, Mr. Wallack; Tubal, Mr. Bernard; Gratiano, Mr. Brougham; Launcelot, Mr. Young; Portia, Mrs. Hoey; Nerissa, Miss Mary Gannon; Jessica, Mrs. Sloan.



GENERAL JUSTO J. URQUIZA, PRESIDENT OF THE ARGENTINE CONFEDERATION.

(Written expressly for Frank Leslie's Illustrated Newspaper.)

THE BEAUTIFUL VAGRANT: A TALE OF LIFE'S CHANCES AND CHANGES.

By Mrs. M. S. B. Dana Shindler.

CHAPTER XLV.

IT was quite dark when we arrived at Deep Creek. We could see nothing of it but a deep, dark ravine, but we saw lights and heard voices at some little distance ahead, which we concluded to proceed from old Pete's establishment.

According to the advice we had received, Toby produced his horn and sounded a blast long and loud, which was answered by the barking of dogs and the welcome sound of human voices. It had grown very cold, and threatened snow, and we felt that the sooner we were under a sheltering roof the better. But how to get across Deep Creek? that was the question. It had to be forced, and Toby seemed to feel very doubtful whether his "creeters" would be willing to take to the water.

But we had no time to indulge our speculations. There was the house, which we must reach, and there lay Deep Creek between us and it, and to cross it we felt obliged, or perish in the attempt. Presently we heard a halloo, which was answered by Toby.

"Do you want to cross?" said the voice from the other side.
"Yes, we do," said Toby. "He might 'a know'd that!" (aside).
"Is it a wagon, or a buggy, or what?"
"A carriage, with two ladies, three gentlemen (!) and a nigger!"
"Well, you drive right down to the creek, and come right straight to where you see my light. When the light begins to move you stop right still, and wait until you see the light stop again, then make for the light once more. If you don't you'll git upst.".

All this was delivered in a stentorian voice, and with such a distinct utterance that every word could be understood. The last alternative was by no means a pleasant one to contemplate.

We all set our teeth hard, held our breaths—at least I did—and Toby began to urge his horses down the hill. But the leader did not appear to like the looks of the place, for he absolutely refused to stir; and when urged, first by Toby's voice and then by his whip, he turned this way and that, and finally gave up a piece of his mind by turning deliberately round, and taking his place by the side of the other animals, only "hind side before." Frightened as we were, we could not help laughing at the ludicrous appearance of the animal, whom our carriage lamps showed all drawn up with fright.

Toby humored him, however, taking him out of the "gears," and hitching him behind the carriage. Then we made a fresh start, and this time managed to get down to the creek, not, however, without one or two marvellous escapes from being "upst." Toby followed

faithfully the directions which had been given him, and we got safely over, when we all drew a long breath and congratulated each other.

Old Pete stood ready to receive us. "Better git out, ladies and gentlemen," said he, "and the nigger too. It's a hard pull up to the house, and the creeters looks tired." So we alighted, and walked up to the house.

Judging from the outside, it appeared to be a house of some pretension; but appearances are deceitful. We were ushered into a large room, which seemed to be kitchen, dining-room, bed-room and sitting-room all combined, and dog-kennel and hen-house into the bargain. A woman, somewhat advanced in life, very fat and very dirty, stared at us as we entered, and nearly dropped into the fire the skillet which she held in her hand, so intent was she on her observations. Two girls, half-grown and only half-dressed, also honored us with a searching stare, and then looked at each other and giggled. As for men, of all sorts and sizes, there was any number of them about.

But old Pete came in before long, and made the old woman and the girls "stan' roun'," as he called it, though I thought they had been standing round long enough, and it was quite time for them to be moving off about their business.

"Come, stan' roun', ole woman," said Pete, "an' git the strangers some supper. For the Lord's sake, woman! did you never see gentilefolks afore?"

I thanked Mr. Pete for his hospitable intentions, but informed him that we did not stand in need of any supper, as we had brought some provisions with us. To tell the truth, I did not think any amount of appetite would have tempted us to eat there. But Pete would take no refusal. "Do you think, stranger," said he, "that I could hev two sich beautiful ladies in my heouse as these 'ere, and let 'em go to bed without a mite o' supper? No, no! Now, pretty one," continued he, looking at Mary, "wouldn't you feel better for a drink o' hot coffee?" Mary couldn't resist this appeal, and immediately declared that she would. So the old woman and girls were straightway made to "stan' roun'," the former to make the coffee, and the latter to get the table ready.

I was afterwards heartily glad that the old man was so obstinately hospitable, for we really had quite a passable cup of coffee, which was exceedingly refreshing. In the western country great quantities of coffee are drunk; it is used for every meal, and by constant habit they learn to make it well. Old Pete sat at the head of the table, and watched Mary and Bettie without a word. Probably he had never in his life seen just such specimens of womankind, for, indeed, they are rarely met with anywhere. He would look first at one, then at the other, and then at Harry and myself, with such a kind, patronizing air, mingled with such a look of anxious curiosity, that we could scarcely keep our countenances. At length, as if he could hold in no longer, he turned to me and said, "Stranger, which of 'em is your gal, for I can't make it out?"

Mary blushed up to her eyes, but Bettie laughed outright. "They are both mine," said I.

"Well, you're a lucky dog, then, anyhow," exclaimed he, with a hearty laugh; "I should say one on 'em was enough to set a feller crazy, specially that ere one with the fairest skin. But you're a jokin', I know; come neow, tell me, which belongs to which?"

"Let them answer for themselves," I replied, hardly knowing what to say, for I saw that Mary was annoyed, while Betty looked excessively amused.

"Well," said he, addressing Mary, "which o' them ere old chaps is your man?"

I thought the blood would spin out of Mary's cheeks, she blushed so, though she tried to laugh. But Bettie came to the rescue. "We don't belong to either of them," she said; "we belong to ourselves; they're only two poor old bachelors."

"Ha! ha! ha!" laughed Pete, looking admiringly at Bettie; "she's a keen one, she is!" Then he looked at Mary, as if he couldn't quite make out why she blushed so. Nor could I.

Neither Toby nor mom Dido were forgotten; they each had a steaming bowl of coffee, which they seemed heartily to enjoy.

Bed time came on apace, and we began to think about making preparations for the night. But in the meantime mom Dido had not been idle, and she tapped me on the shoulder, and asked me to go out into the piazza, saying she wanted to see me "pertickler." I went with her and was rather dismayed by her account of the sleeping accommodations, or, to speak more properly, want of accommodations. "Dey ain't no place for dem blessed childun to sleep, my massa," she said; "I bin ax one ob dem gal to shew me de room whey my young misses was to sleep, an' she car' me in ebry room in de house; an' I decla', massa, dey ain't nairah room for 'um. Ebry one got great big men a snorin' in 'em a ready. I jis' wish you could bin see de room whey dey was gwine put um! Dey's two bed in de room, Mass Richard, an' two men in one ob de beds—an' de odor bed was for dem two sweet blessed creeters! You keep um wid you, Mass Richard; don't let dem go out ob your sight, or dey'll be sca'd out ob dey wits."

"Well, mom Dido," said I, "we'll see what can be done. After such a fatiguing ride as they've had, it would be hard if they had to sit up all night; and I dare say they'll have a worse ride to-morrow."

"God's will be done, massa," said Dido, folding her hands together with an air of resignation. "Anyhow, Mass Richard, you and Mass Harry better keep watch ober dem to-night, wheyebber dey is. Oh, dis dah one rough country, please de Farrer!"

We returned to the girls, and I communicated to them, in a low tone, the result of mom Dido's investigations. Bettie announced her determination to sit up all night; Mary looked weary, but said nothing; while Harry, more wise than the rest of us, had been himself on a voyage of discovery, and, finding matters just as mom Dido had represented them, had summoned old Pete to a conference, the result of which was that presently we saw him return, heard him ask the old woman to lend him a broom, watched him while he carefully swept out one corner of the room, then depart, and return lugging in a large feather bed, which he deposited on the floor in the swept corner.

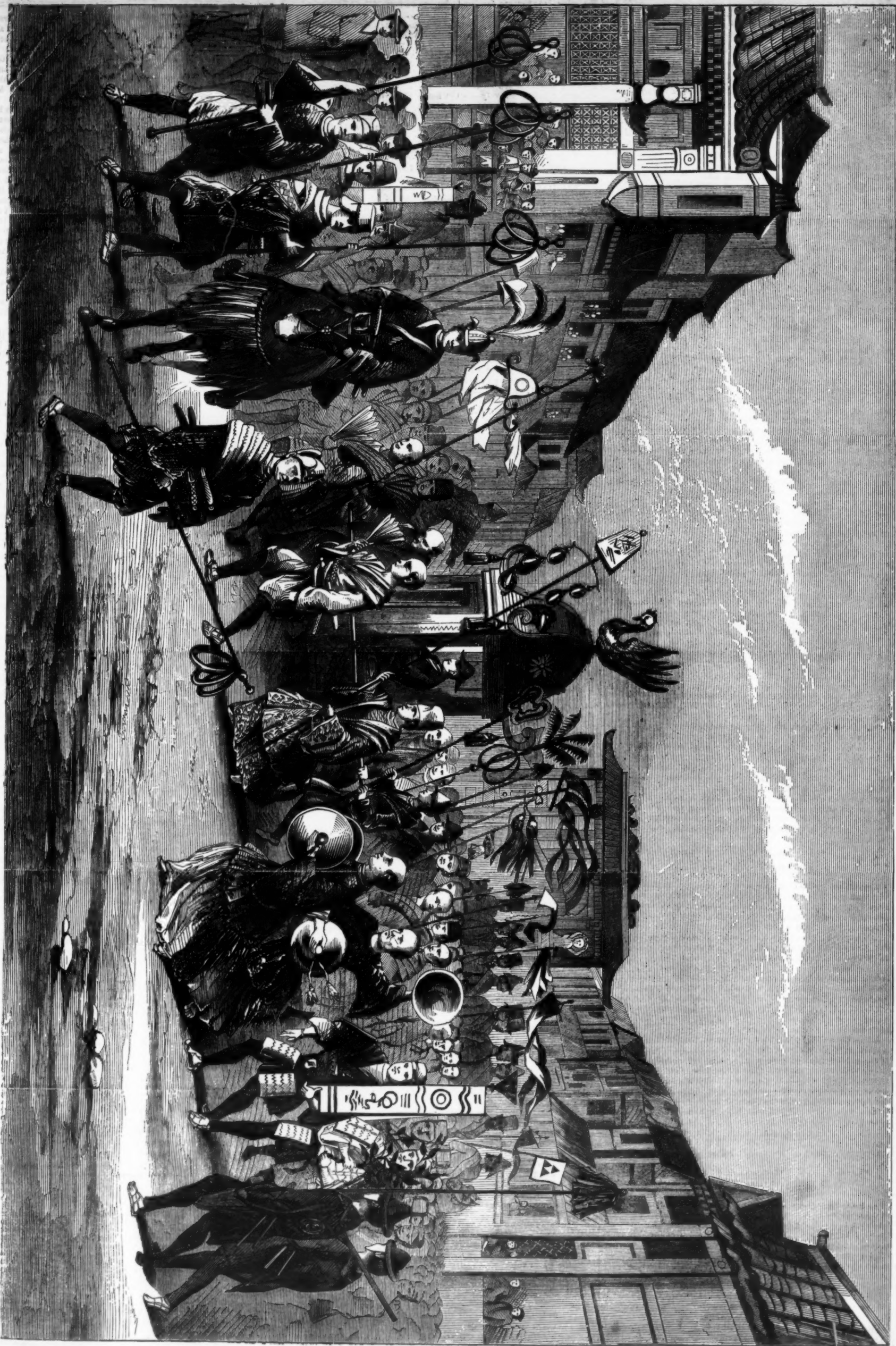
"There, ladies," said he, "is your downy couch; may you enjoy refreshing rest, while we, your true and faithful knights, watch over your slumbers!"

Mary and Bettie, without any prudery, lay down to rest; while Harry and I, Dido and Toby, invented such extemporaneous beds as our means and appliances would allow; and between cloaks, carpet-bags, carriage cushions and fatigue, we all managed to sleep.

(Continued on page 53.)



BRACELET PRESENTED TO Mlle. PICCOLOMINI, ON THE NIGHT OF HER BENEFIT, DEC. 7, 1858.



ENTRANCE OF LORD ELGIN, THE BRITISH PLENIPOTENTIARY, INTO JEDDO, THE CAPITAL OF JAPAN.—See Page 63.

THE BEAUTIFUL VAGRANT.

(Continued from page 50.)

CHAPTER XLVI.

We arrived at length at Marietta, and found ourselves in very comfortable quarters; but that was not what we wanted. Every day, every hour, every moment, was of consequence to us; yet there we were, obliged to wait with all the patience we could command. We ransacked the college library for books of amusement, instruction or consolation; and our patience was at length rewarded, for, early one morning, mom Dido came rushing into our parlor with the news that "de ribber was risin'!" We straightway all went down to the wharf to examine the water-mark to which we had all along paid the most obsequious attention, and found, to our great delight, that the river had actually risen eighteen inches during the night. All that morning were we trotting to and fro between the hotel and the river; and at twelve o'clock, while we were all standing on the river bank, and speculating on our chances for a boat, Mary suddenly exclaimed, "What's that?"

We listened, and could plainly distinguish a short, regular, barking sound, but none of us knew what it meant. Presently, however, we saw people running from all quarters towards the river, and looking eagerly in the direction of the sound. We soon ascertained that the noises we had heard proceeded from a boat descending the river; though we, accustomed to the quiet, low pressure boats of the eastern waters, had not been able to account for them. Hastily giving orders to mom Dido to return to the house and have our little baggage brought to the wharf, we awaited, with some impatience, the arrival of the boat. Boats are heard a long time, however, on the western waters before they can be seen, and we had ample time to hear many a long conversation regarding the approaching steamer. The whole community knew our circumstances, and how anxious we had been to proceed on our journey; and many of them now surrounded us, some from a friendly interest, but more from mere curiosity.

"That's the General Pike," said one; "I know her bark as soon as I hear it."

"No," said another. "I think it's the Ione, and either one is mean enough, that's certain."

"It's the Pike," replied the first speaker; "I'll bet any man a hundred dollars."

"Take him up, Joe," said a voice in the crowd, "you bet on the Ione."

"Don't you do it, Joe," said another voice; "Big Sam knows the bark of every boat on the river; if he says it's the Pike, why, it's the Pike."

"If it's the Pike," said a gentleman, addressing himself to me, "I'd advise you not to go in her; she's an awful mean boat, and hardly safe. There'll be better boats along soon."

"Don't you believe it, stranger," said another man; "the river has begun to fall already. If you're anxious to go, here's your only chance for some time to come."

I thanked them all; then, having ascertained from my own inspection of the water-mark, that the river had actually fallen two inches since I had last observed it, I made up my mind to "take my chance" in the Pike, mean and unsafe as she might be.

After a while the boat appeared in sight; and she was an old, small "concern," to be sure. Small as she was, and attended by a "lighter" on each side, she could not come up to the wharf, but stopped out in the middle of the river, while she sent off a boat with the steward to obtain a fresh supply of provisions.

We were quite ready, our hotel bill paid, and our baggage lying on the wharf, and we took possession of the boat while the steward had gone up into the town, and were paddled, two by two, to the Pike. Mary and I were the first to go. As we reached the steamer's side a tall, silly-looking man addressed us, saying, "Do you want a passage down?"

I told him we did.

"Only you two?" asked he.

"No, there are three more."

"Well, I haint much room," said he.

"You haint no room, no how," struck in a bystander; "you kaint take 'em."

"But we must and will go," said I, resolutely. "Are you the captain?" I inquired of the tall individual.

"I am," he replied.

"Well, if you can only provide for the two ladies," said I, "we can take care of ourselves."

"I haint no berths for 'em," said he; "but I've got plenty of bedding."

"Oh, that will do nicely," said Mary, who by this time had been assisted over the steamer's side, and was standing near the captain. Her marvellous and winning beauty seemed to attract all eyes and soften almost every heart, though there were still some grumblers amid the crowd.

"They'll have to take to the harricane deck," said one.

"They'll have to stand on one foot at a time," said another.

"I shan't give up my berth," said a yellow-faced genius from "down east." "They hadn't ought to come aboard at all."

Harry had hired another canoe, and by this time had gained a footing, together with Bettie and Dido, on the little Pike; and, once there, we resolved to stay.

I shall never forget the sour looks which greeted us when we forced our way into the cabin. There was, *par excellence*, no ladies' cabin; a curtain stretched across the general one, and now looped up at the sides, forming the only dividing line between the ladies' and gentlemen's apartments; the three stern berths being appropriated to the women and children, and of this latter article there appeared to be far more than the usual proportion, if we could judge from the strength and variety of the infantile noises which greeted our ears.

It was literally true that when all the passengers were collected together in the cabin, there was scarcely standing room. Such a crowded boat I had never seen, and hope never to see again. The table was laid for dinner, and the men were standing in a crowd, in "Social Hall," ready, as we afterwards found, to make a rush for the table when the first stroke of the bell announced that dinner was about to begin. A little management might have improved this state of things. The proper way would have been to seat the ladies before the bell rang, but on all these occasions the captain was nowhere to be found, and no one else dared to come in contact with the ferocious crowd. Where the captain hid himself was a mystery to all, from the head clerk down to the cabin boy. The result was that the ladies and gentlemen quietly waited till the ruffians had eaten their fill, and then took what they could get.

Whenever we reached a "flat" or a particularly shallow place in the river, all the "menkind" were ordered off into the lighters, and we had to go, rain or shine, day or night, I was going to say, but the truth is, we did not pretend to go at night, but quietly "laid up" from sunset to sunrise.

When the first evening came, the captain being, as usual, *non est inventus*, I began to feel somewhat apprehensive of the fate that was awaiting poor Mary and Bettie. Most of the ruffians, having drunk themselves stupid, "turned in" at an early hour, and in vain I inquired of clerks, barkeepers, waiters and cabin-boys what arrangements were to be made for the ladies. I received from all the same answer, "We can do nothing; you must ask the captain."

"But where is the captain? I can't find him anywhere."

"I don't know; I haven't seen him lately!" was the invariable reply.

I was getting late, and I was entering the cabin on my return from a fruitless search after the captain, when I saw a commotion and heard some one making a sort of oration. The occupants of the berths—it was an old-fashioned boat, without state-rooms—were poking out their heads like so many terrapins, to hear what was

going on, and the gamblers from "Social Hall" were pressing in at the cabin door to "see the fun." I elbowed myself in and advanced towards the ladies, when I saw standing at the head of the cabin, with a chair before him, the orator whose tones had caught my attention. He delivered himself somewhat in this fashion:

"Friends and fellow-citizens—I mean boat-people! It is known to all of you that this day we have had an interesting accession to our numbers. Two young ladies, beautiful as angels, have, as it were, dropped among us from the skies"—(a voice: "They'd better git back thar as quick as they kin!")—"and where, I ask, in the name of all that is lovely—in the name of our mothers and sisters and sweethearts—where, I say, are they to sleep to-night? The craven individual, the coward, who calls himself captain of this boat has sloped, vamosed, absconded and cannot be found. Yet he promised them comfort, safety and 'plenty of bedding.' Gentlemen, I propose that one berth on each side of the boat, next the curtain, be given up for the use and occupancy of those two ladies."

He paused for a reply; while I, thinking that, under our hopeless circumstances, the proposition was a good one, and willing, at least, to see what relief might grow out of it, kept in the background, amusing myself, in the meantime, by watching the countenances of Mary and Bettie. They looked confused, distressed, but infinitely amused—looked, in fact, as if they would either laugh or cry, but had not exactly decided which to do.

"I second that motion!" exclaimed a young man to the right of the speaker.

Then up rose the down-easter, the same man who had opposed our embarkation, and said, "It's all very well for you, young gentlemen, to dispose of your own berths, and no one had ought to say a word agin it. But when it comes to taking of other people's property, and voting it away, I say there's two sides to that question. Neow, one of them ere berths is mine; I paid for it, and I hev the right of pre-emption, for I've slept in it all the way from Wheeling, an' I aint a-goin' to give it up to nobody."

"Shame, shame!" resounded from all parts of the boat, while the gamblers near the cabin door were loud in their hisses and other expressions of disapprobation. After that the Yankee was marked man, and nobody would have a word to say to him. He was an inveterate talker, and I do believe that without his penknife and a stick to whittle, he would have thrown himself overboard, especially as he could very easily have waded to the shore.

But Mary and Bettie had sprung to their feet, and made their escape behind the curtain, even before I could reach them. Harry and I were there in a moment, and they came out at the sound of our voices, but declared that nothing would induce them to make use of one of the numerous berths which were now offered for their acceptance.

"Harry," said I, "let's go and search for that rascally captain; he's on the boat somewhere, that's certain; and let's look till we find him. There's not an inch of room in the ladies' cabin, and something must be done."

So Harry and I departed, but our search was fruitless; we returned no wiser than we went. But when, after a somewhat protracted search into out-of-the-way holes and corners, which we had made at the risk of our lives, and at the expense of numberless curses bestowed upon us by those whom we had disturbed in their drunken slumbers, we returned with heavy hearts to the cabin, behold! neither Mary, Bettie nor Dido were to be found! But the stewardess informed us that, as we went out by the forward door, the captain had come in by the stern one, and had given up his own room to the ladies, and they would now be very comfortable.

Fools that we were to believe a thing that we did not see with our own eyes! Knowing that the captain's room was usually the best apartment in the boat, and thinking that probably by that time the girls had retired to rest, we concluded we would not disturb them, and sought out for ourselves, amid the throngs of sleepers stretched on floor, chairs and tables, some unappropriated spot where we could repose our wearied limbs.

CHAPTER XLVII.

It seemed as if the night would never end; but, like all sublimity things, it came to a termination at last. Towards morning I had dropped into a troubled sleep, and dreamed most troubled dreams, and was awakened by the commotion below, attending the attempt to "get up steam." It was not yet fully light, but anxious to rise from the hard boards of the floor, which had been my only bed, weary, sore, and out of spirits, I groped my way amid the crowd of sleepers, and found myself at length in "Social Hall." There I found the atmosphere almost intolerable. The fumes of an expiring lamp, the clouds of tobacco smoke, the pent-up breath of a dirty and ruffianly crowd, made the air quite unfit for respiration, and I wondered how the men who had been all night at the gaming table could endure it. These men hid themselves for the greater part of the day, probably then making up for the loss of sleep at night; only rousing themselves, and coming into the general cabin when the time drew near for a meal. They were always on hand then.

The air in "Social Hall" was so thick that it was very difficult to distinguish any object in it, excepting those who were seated at the table immediately around the lamp, and that burned so dimly that I could not see their features, nor, in fact, did I wish to. As I opened the outer door, the cold air rushed in, and I joyfully inhaled the fresh air of Heaven, piercing cold as it was. I mounted to the hurricane deck, and walked briskly backwards and forwards the whole length of the boat for about a quarter of an hour, watching for the rising of the sun. But that peculiar chilliness which accompanies the early morning hours began to affect me sensibly, and I was forced back into the cabin just as I began to discern a faint rosy tinge in the eastern horizon.

There, in the cabin, the waiters were engaged in rousing the sleepers, and removing the beds, and it was a scene of the most disagreeable confusion. Some of the men, probably under the influence of potent narcotics, absolutely refused to rise, while others would curse and swear, and dash the chairs about in their attempts to recover lost hats, boots, cravats, &c.; and altogether there was a horrible din. I was glad to escape back again even to the murky atmosphere and low society of "Social Hall," hoping that, in an hour or two, all these miseries would be partially relieved, that the cheerful sun would then be shining, and, with Mary, Bettie and Harry, I could once more visit the upper deck, and inhale the fresh and bracing morning air. But I determined to linger about the cabin till the girls should come forth, fresh and blooming, from the captain's room, wherever that might be.

In the meantime I endeavored to amuse myself by making philosophical reflections on the scene before me. It was gradually growing lighter, and the gamblers extinguished their already dying lamp, and began to gather up their cards, stretch themselves and yawn, as if about to vacate their night quarters, and betake themselves, like owls, to their hiding places, to take a snooze before the breakfast hour. The drowsy barkeeper roused himself, and began to make his preparations for mixing the various beverages which he knew would soon be in request; as already a crowd of half-dressed men were gathering round the railing which enclosed himself and his stock in trade.

The steam was getting up. I could see that this was the case from the warm vapor which found its way through every crack of the loose and dirty floor, and besides, every few minutes the engine would make an abortive attempt to do its work. There were men, women and children, still lying or sitting in obscure corners, but there was not yet sufficient light to distinguish more than the outlines of their figures.

In the corner near the outer door there was a mattress—even in the darkness I could see that it was very thin—and seated on this mattress I could discern three female figures. I had seen them there when I first passed through, and they sat so motionless, and their attitudes betrayed such deep dejection, that I concluded they

were poor emigrants who had just left their pleasant homes, forced by adverse circumstances to seek a home in the growing West. They sat on the edge of the mattress, with their heads buried in their laps, and covered completely by shawls or cloaks. I could not distinguish which. I pitied them from the bottom of my heart, for it was no place for women, however poor or humble may have been their station.

As it grew lighter, I began to examine the countenances of the gamblers, who were now about rising from the table. Will it be believed that there, on the same boat with us, was that very man who had given us so much uneasiness? It was even so; and as he looked towards me, and evidently recognized me, he gave me one of his darkest scowls. I returned it with interest, and with a look which was intended to say, "Thou desperate, bad man, I fear thee not!" He rose, and, with the other gamblers, retired by the outer door, where to go I neither knew nor cared.

But now, to my great joy, I saw my friend Harry coming towards me. He was rubbing his eyes, as if not more than half awake, and I immediately hailed him. "Good morning, old fellow!" said I; "let's go and try to find the girls."

But, good Heaven! just at this moment, on hearing my voice, up jumped two of the women who had excited my sympathy, and, before I was aware of it, they both seized me, and threw their arms around my neck. The action was so sudden, that I was completely bewildered; but I was not long kept in suspense, for I heard Harry exclaim, "Why, Mary! why, Bettie! what are you doing here?"

I freed myself from their convulsive embrace as soon as I could, and looked in their faces to see if it could be so. There they were, most certainly; and I gave an audible groan when the thoughts of what they must have endured through that long and terrible night came rushing through my brain. I was absolutely frightened when I looked at Mary, for she was always, begging Bettie's pardon, my first care. Her eyes had a stony look, and a fixed stare, which I had never seen in them before; and her face was as pale as marble. She still grasped my hand convulsively with both of hers, and gazed steadily into my face as if she feared I was going again to leave her. Bettie stood, holding my other hand, while one of her hands was pressed over her eyes, as if she was suffering from a terrible headache.

"What does this mean?" I at length found voice to utter.

"Hush!" said Harry, in a low tone; "this is no place for explanations."

And he was right; for a crowd of men had already begun to gather round us, and the singular beauty of the two girls was attracting an unpleasant degree of observation. Just then, up came the orator of the previous evening, who, by his well-meant but ill-judged speech, had only made matters worse. He looked with amazement at the two girls; then casting a glance at the mattress in the corner, he said—"I begin to understand it now. Can it be possible that those two ladies have been there?"—pointing to the mattress—"all night? I saw three female forms there; now there is but one."

"Yes," said Harry, between his clenched teeth—"yes, they were there; and somebody has got to answer for this!"

Finding that Harry was losing his self command, I began to recover mine, and, handing the two girls to him, I proceeded to awaken mom Dido, who, poor old soul! had, at dawn of day, sunk into a deep and almost unnatural slumber. I succeeded, with considerable trouble, in arousing her; and we all proceeded to the hurricane deck, hoping there to be free from the presence of others.

(To be continued.)

THE ENTRANCE OF LORD ELGIN INTO JEDDO.

We have already given a brief abstract of the proceedings of the British in Japan, and of the success of Lord Elgin's negotiations, which resulted in a treaty most favorable to British interests. The noble plenipotentiary accomplished his object by a sudden dash; first startling the exclusive islanders half out of their wits by his sudden appearance in the Bay of Nagasaki, and then following up the sensation by a determined visit to Jeddo, the capital, itself. On landing, as we learn from the published accounts, he was received and put into his chair by sundry two-sworded personages; the rest of the mission, together with some officers of the squadron, followed on horseback. The crowd, which for upwards of a mile lined the streets leading to the building fixed on as the residence of the embassy, was dense in the extreme. The procession was preceded by policemen in harlequin costume, jingling huge iron rods of office, hung with heavy, clanging rings to warn the crowd away. Ropes were stretched across the cross streets, down which masses of the people rushed, attracted by the novel sight; while every few hundred yards were gates partitioning off the different wards, which were severally closed immediately on the passing of the procession, thus hopelessly barring the further advance of the crowd, the place of which was immediately taken by a new multitude.

CHRONICLES OF THE BASTILLE.

A Tale of the Seventeenth Century.

THE BERTAUDIÈRE.

CHAPTER XXVIII.—THE DUKE OF CHARTRES AND HIS COMPANIONS—THE CAROUSAL AT THE PALAIS ROYAL.

LET us now quit the sombre interior of the *salotto de la Bertaudière*, and supposing a week or more to have elapsed since D'Argenson's last visit to Versailles, transport ourselves to the voluptuous pavilion adjoining the apartments of Monsieur Philippe d'Orléans, Duke of Chartres, situated in the western wing of the palace erected by that sumptuous prodigal, Cardinal Richelieu.

The clock of the Louvre had not long struck eleven—the night watch had been set, and such few of the citizens whom business or pleasure had detained beyond their usual hour, were hurrying homewards with all the diligence that the fear of being stopped and interrogated by the spies of the lieutenant of police, or the greater dread of a lecture from their better fraction, could inspire them with.

At irregular intervals, however, from that hour up to midnight, any inquisitive individual that for the time being felt inclined to the sight of the penalty attached—most particularly in those days—to the heinous crime of peeping, might easily, and without very narrowly watching at a certain small dark gate established in the dead wall, whose site is now occupied by the Rue de Valois, which said gate opened into the gardens of the Palais Royal—have witnessed a circumstance calculated to afford him matter for further speculation. This was the arrival, at different periods, first of some three or four cavaliers, and secondly of exactly half a dozen sedans, each of which latter deposited a female figure so jealously muffled up in her mantle as not to leave visible even the very smallest bit of her features. The cavaliers came on foot, and as soon as the small door was opened walked boldly in; not so the fair visitors, who on being liberated from their chairs, darted furtively through, and without looking right or left, made the best of their way across the garden to the pavilion.

The door had not long closed upon the last comer before a man of very tall stature—who had been on the watch—suddenly emerged from a salient angle of the wall; having looked about him, and listened for a few moments, to make sure that no one was near, he disengaged himself from a large cloak in which his person was enfolded, and producing a rope, to one end whereof was attached a grapple, threw it over the wall, and gaining the summit by its assistance, immediately disappeared over the other side.

But if all was quiet outside, all within was noise and bustle, and hurry and confusion—with general shuffling of feet in the passages—and greater clamor of tongues in the kitchens—but still greater dancing about of lights everywhere; these, notwithstanding the lateness of the hour, might be seen, some darting singly through the apartments above, some three or four in a cluster flying through those below; many outside—more in—but all of them at last accumulating in the pavilion already mentioned, when the curtains were suddenly drawn before the windows, and the perambulations of the torches became confined to the passages.

The banquetting-room, in which the company were assembled, particularly deserves notice. It was furnished and decorated in the most elegant manner; the ceiling, exquisitely painted, represented the amours of the gods and other mythological subjects of the most voluptuous kind, the walls being covered with tapestry and paintings illustrative of the same; the hangings, of a deep plum color, were of velvet, richly embroidered, and fringed with gold; a chandelier of crystal depended from a rosette in the centre of the ceiling, the light from which was reflected from looking glasses and mirrors placed all around the apartment, imparting to it the splendor of enchantment; in four of the angles stood marble pedestals surmounted by statues of Diana, Venus, Psyche and Leda; in the four others, upon similar pedestals, were as many vases each

by an ingenious mechanical contrivance, made to throw up a small jet of aromatic water, the trickling of which, as it fell, drop by drop, sounded like soft music; the banquet-table itself groined not less beneath the weight of gold and silver plate with which it was loaded than of the dainties upon it, including every delicacy that the season afforded, or could be made to produce, or that the genius of Pannade could invent to pique the palate of the noble epicures.

First in the throng was M^{onsieur} de Chartres himself, seated at the head of his guests between two comedienne of the opera, celebrated for their beauty and wit; the one to his right, called Ida, La Belle Bouclée, on account of the profusion of her hair; the other, to his left, La Brunette; next to the latter sat M^{onsieur} D'Argenson, having to his left a beautiful and wealthy courtesan named Drucille, next to whom sat the young and handsome Chevalier de Brancas, flanked by one Madame la Motte; to the left again of the latter, opposite the duke, sat the Marquis d'Effiat, and to the right of the duke, the Abbé Dubois, M^{onsieur} D'Argenson's preceptor, and the superintendent of his pleasures, or, as he was afterwards styled, *Secrétaire des Commandemens de M^{onsieur} D'Argenson*; he had retained his clerical habit in order, as he observed, "to sanctify the feast," and was flanked by one of the late maids of honor of Madame la Duchesse de Chartres, to whom, on account of her liveliness, the sobriquet of La Rieuse had been given; next to her sat the Marquis de St. Fare, the intermediate place between whom and D'Effiat was filled up by a sixth female, designated as La Belle Roxane.

From the commencement of the feast the conversation was confined to individual *à-la-tête*, but as soon as the dessert was served the duke ordered the lackeys to retire and close the doors, when, filling up a bumper, he exclaimed:

"Now, friends, away with etiquette! Let us think only of pleasure. St. Fare, push round the nectar."

The duke's signal for the commencement of the orgie was hailed by shouts of applause, and the wine began to circulate freely.

D'Argenson appeared to take but little interest in the general hilarity, but paid extreme attention to the viands set before him, most especially to the wine; he kept himself, for some time, thrust backwards in his chair, watching, one and the other, as if for the purpose of catching any stray expression that either should let fall, which he might, in the way of his peculiar line of business, turn to profit; but by degrees the good cheer operated more favorably upon him; his countenance assumed a less bilious expression, his sunken eyes brightened, and he began to whisper in the ear of Drucille, who, however, received his compliments, if such they were, with a great degree of reserve, evidently more desirous of cultivating the particular acquaintance of the Chevalier de Brancas.

Numerous were the plaudits now bandied from side to side; the wine circulated with rapidity, repartee succeeded repartee with the quickness of thought, intermingled with the recital of diverse scandalous adventures, that malice or the love of mischief had propagated; and long and loud were the peals of laughter that followed a smart joke, or the detail of a *fauz pas*, the duke setting the example by retelling such anecdotes as were most calculated, from their extreme piquancy, to delight his guests.

Taking advantage of a pause—for the uproar was for a time so great that no single individual could make himself heard—the duke filled his glass, and elevating it above his head, first pledged La Bouclée; then re-filling, and motioning his companions to do the same, exclaimed:

"Come, friends! here's to our presiding divinity, Venus and Bacchus; since we worship at their shrine, we ought not to omit propitiating their favor; saying which he drained his glass, an example which was immediately imitated by the rest.

"I shall propose a sentiment," exclaimed D'Effiat, replenishing, and speaking across the table to D'Orleans.

"Sentiment from you, marquis," cried La Brunette, laughing, "will be something quite novel."

"If you inspired me with it, *belle Brunette*," retorted the satirical marquis, "it would indeed."

"The sentiment, the sentiment," cried three or four voices, interrupting the colloquy.

"Here it is, then," exclaimed he: "When we want to kill time, may we never lack wine."

"Bravo! bravo!" shouted D'Orleans, whirling his glass above his head; "D'Effiat's sentiment repeated."

"Tis the only good one he can lay claim to," ejaculated Dubois, delighted to have an opportunity of rubbing off a portion of his score against the marquis, at whose expense the laugh rose with renewed boldness.

"I don't believe the abbé ever possessed a good one himself that he didn't blush to own it," observed D'Argenson, with a sneering smirk, as soon as the noise had somewhat subsided.

"Perhaps not," retorted Dubois, nowise disconcerted: "but everybody knows that M^{onsieur} D'Argenson never could lay claim to a single good one in his life! Friends, I propose to write his epitaph," continued he: "Here lieth one who never set an example worth following."

"Canst thou not write mine, Dubois?" observed D'Orleans, applying himself assiduously to the bottle.

"Tis not worth while," retorted the shameless abbé; "one for monsieur le duc's mother will serve both: here lieth idleness."

This allegorical allusion to idleness as the parent of all the vices was quickly seized by the company, who watched the duke's countenance to read how to mould their own, and how to receive the abbé's witticism; but D'Orleans, after a moment's pause—for he was the last to comprehend the epigram—burst into a fit of laughter that was re-echoed by his guests.

"I have heard Dubois say," exclaimed D'Orleans, dashing his glass down upon the table, "that wine-bibbing is a cardinal virtue, and a priestly custom, and one that ought to be more practised, because it makes a man's heart expand with charity towards all men."

"And inspires him with such notions of humility," stammered the abbé, interrupting the duke, "that if he's only drunk enough, he runs to earth, full length, like a worm."

This daily excited another burst of laughter, in which the decanters, bottles and glasses seemed to join, communicating their hilarity to the table itself, which groined and cracked as if on the very verge of falling to pieces.

The convivial party, consisting originally of twelve, had in the interim been augmented by the arrival of a thirteenth, who remained invisible, though a witness of all the proceedings; this was no other than the tall man, who had, at an earlier hour of the evening, scaled the outer wall, in the manner already mentioned.

He had been the whole of that day upon the track of the lieutenant of police, dogging his steps with the most determined perseverance, until he saw him enter the Palais Royal by the small dark door described above. Half suspecting what was going forward, for he was a shrewd man; but not enjoying the privilege of the *entrée*, he took the trifling liberty of admitting himself upon the strength of the leave proverbially peculiar to his nation, conjointly with that of the grape and rope; a mechanical contrivance particularly well adapted to facilitate similar exploits, and which, being in the habit of often requiring, he never travelled without. Having succeeded thus far, he was not a little disconcerted—though in no wise discouraged—to find himself hermetically excluded from the pavilion to which he had traced the fugitive; but this untoward circumstance served only to sharpen his invention. The window, which was scarcely five feet from the ground, seemed to afford him the readiest means of access, but it was secured within by an *espagnolette*, a difficulty not easily overcome; besides this, servants were running to and fro, who were likely to detect him in the attempt—another contrivance; however, the night, which was very dark, favored him materially, and watching his opportunity, he commenced operations by inserting the blade of his pocket-knife between the crevices of the window, the noise he made being drowned by the great clamor within. After much difficulty, he succeeded in working the bolt of the *espagnolette* out of its place, and easily accomplished the remainder of his project; he cautiously opened the window, and crept in, closing it after him, and crouching down behind the long hangings, which served entirely to conceal him from observation; here he remained unsuspected, listening to everything, occasionally applying one eye to a friendly opening in the drapery, and thence surveying the company with the greatest complacency.

The lieutenant of police, who had confined his gallantry and his conversation almost wholly to the beautiful Drucille, perceiving that the guests had arrived at that crisis of convivial happiness which will not admit of augmentation without diminution, and formed themselves into couples of two and three, took advantage of the termination of a *à-la-tête* in which the duke had been some time engaged with La Belle Bouclée, to attract his attention; holding his glass in one hand he leaned across the table, and said to him in an under tone:

"Highness, here's to the fair owner of the diamond ring."

"Say'st thou so?" responded he, "so be it; by my faith I had almost forgotten her. How is she, M^{onsieur}, the dear angel? Step this way, friend D'Argenson, a word with thee."

D'Orleans rose from the table; his guests being now too deeply absorbed in themselves to notice his absence, and catching the lieutenant of police by the arm, led him to the recess where the stranger lay concealed, stationing himself close to the drapery, so that the former could distinguish the form of both, and stood trembling to see D'Orleans grasp the curtain for the purpose of stealing himself, fearing every moment that he would drag it aside and leave him exposed.

"Tell me," said the duke, commencing a colloquy that he was far from suspecting was not confined to the exclusive hearing of himself and D'Argenson, "when am I to see the lovely Julie again?"

The lieutenant of police paused a while ere he answered, which he at length did, in no low tone, as if suspicious of being overheard by the company or of saying too much.

"When I saw your highness at Versailles," said he, "I explained—"

"Pardon me, friend D'Argenson," observed the prince, interrupting him, at the same time laying a hand upon his shoulder in order to maintain his perpendicular; "thou dost not explain anything at all; only promised to liberate the beauty, upon the faith of which I took measures for carrying her off."

"There were reasons for the delay, highness."

"The devil take thy reasons, friend D'Argenson; thou art as crafty as a fox, and as full of reasons as a law-suit! Tell me at once, when wilt thou set her free?"

"I cannot do it at all, highness; at least for the present."

"Very well," retorted D'Orleans; "then thou must order St. Marc to admit me to see her in the Bastille."

"That is impossible, highness," replied D'Argenson, with a smile of satisfaction; "I have his majesty's warrant for her safe keeping during his gracious pleasure."

This unexpected announcement astounded the prince, and almost threw him to his balance.

"Surely," ejaculated he, in a less muddy voice, "surely our royal uncle has not seen her?"

"No, highness, no!" responded the other; "but I cannot now explain the motives that necessitate her detention."

"But why," continued D'Orleans, "can I not visit her in the Bastille—tomorrow—any day—as I did on a former—"

"Highness, you must renounce her," exclaimed D'Argenson, in a sharp, brief tone.

"Must I?" retorted the other; "that is a strong term, M^{onsieur}! What! renounce her after all the trouble that the Père Dubois took? After my misadventure, too, with St. Leu, who was well nigh running me through; though, to be sure, he could not know me; renounce her, M^{onsieur} D'Argenson; ah! ah! ah! ah!"

"Tis only a caprice, after all, highness," reconstrued the cunning lieutenant, as soon as the duke's contemptuous laugh had subsided.

"We will return to our friends, M^{onsieur}," observed the duke; "I prefer their company to a *à-la-tête* with thee; look! there's Dubois, watching us like a lynx!"

He was on the point of quitting the recess, when D'Argenson detained him by the arm, saying:

"Is your heart so far engaged, highness, that you could not relinquish her for another? I have often heard you boast that no woman possessed fascination enough to fix your affections."

"Affections, indeed," replied the prince, smiling at the conceit; "by my faith, I don't remember ever having had any! But more than half suspect thee, friend D'Argenson, of being my rival! I did from the first. I may be mistaken; but if I am thy speciousness is a paradox."

"You are mistaken, highness," answered D'Argenson, assuming a look of the most immaculate virtue; "between us there can be no rivalry."

"I confess that," retorted the prince.

"I wished to inform your highness," resumed the lieutenant of police, gradually bringing D'Orleans into a line, "that you are mistaken in the person of the girl—"

"I cannot be mistaken in her beauty, friend D'Argenson; what matters the rest?" said the duke, interrupting him.

"The two sisters are equally worthy of your highness's notice," continued the other, relying on his own adroitness to bring the sickle prince over to his own views.

"Ah! that alters the case, indeed, friend D'Argenson; two birds to trap, eh! Thou art not duper me, eh?"

"We have both been deceived, highness; a mistake on the part of Jacques caused the imprisonment of Julie de St. Aune instead of her sister; your highness took the ring from her."

"Tis rather a piquant story, friend D'Argenson; I really begin to feel greatly interested in the sister who is at liberty; is she as beautiful as the other, eh?"

"She surpasses her, highness."

"Does she still reside in the little house adjoining the Carmelites?" asked the prince, lowering his voice.

"You surely would not carry her off, highness," remarked D'Argenson, smiling at the duke's readiness to fall into the deep plan he had concocted against the person of the baron's family.

"A bird in the hand, M^{onsieur}," retorted the sickle prince, laughing; "thou knowest the proverb."

"Well," insinuated D'Argenson, "we can easily trap this one;" and he peered intently into the face of D'Orleans to note the effect his words produced.

The latter exchanged with him a quick glance of intelligence, and whispered in his ear:

"How, and when could it be done, friend D'Argenson?"

"If you desire it, highness," replied the latter, by to-morrow night the girl shall be safely caged."

"Where?" asked D'Orleans, breathless with excitement.

"I will have her conveyed to the Convent of the Sœurs de la Madeleine du Traineau," answered D'Argenson.

The duke placed a hand in that of the lieutenant's, silently intimating his assent to the arrangement; and was about to make some further remark, when he suddenly started, hurriedly exclaiming:

"Dost thou hear that noise, M^{onsieur}?"

"What noise, highness?"

"The duke did not answer; but with a promptness that might have proved fatal to the individual concealed, he drew his sword and thrust it through the drapery, much to the astonishment of D'Argenson, who saw no motive for the act; the point, however, only perforated the panes of the window, for finding that he had betrayed himself, the listener had with the rapidity of light made his escape through the casement.

The clatter of the broken glass attracted the attention of the guests, who rose in a mass, and, as well as they could, rushed pell-mell to the spot where the duke and D'Argenson were standing.

"This can be only Jacques," muttered D'Argenson to himself; "fortunately, however, she is by this time safely housed."

CHAPTER XXIX.—HOW JEANNE DE ST. AUNEY WAS ABDUCTED FROM THE CONVENT OF THE SISTERS DE LA MADELEINE DU TRAINEL.

THE lieutenant of police was not mistaken in the identity of the individual whose precipitate flight created this temporary diversion, though various were the conjectures hazarded by the company, who, differing in the main on the score of the intruder's character and of his intentions, at length arrived at the satisfactory though somewhat indefinite conclusion, that the whole affair was very mysterious and difficult of elucidation.

But D'Argenson himself felt certain no other than Jacques could possess a motive for committing an act of such temerity, notwithstanding his inability to conceive what that motive could be. He was too shrewd to suppose idle curiosity alone had urged him to intrude thus boldly upon the duke's privacy, for what had he to gain or to learn by coming there? It was next to impossible that the circumstance of Jacques's abduction from home had yet transpired; or, knowing the man's unaccountable attachment to the baron's family, he would have extricated himself from the supposition—have attributed the bold step to his desire to learn whether she had been conveyed.

It has been shown how Jacques, depending upon the strength and the multiplicity of his own resources, and himself in a position to set his employer at defiance, and how, in order the more easily to accomplish his private ends, he subjected the lieutenant of police to the benefits of the same system of surveillance the latter had himself established, employing for this purpose sometimes one of his Lutetians, at others watching his every movement in proper person. He became thus enabled, from the first, to unmask that functionary's hypocrisy, and to secure himself against the consequence of his distrust; but at length, finding himself beaten at every point, and his most secret intentions either forestalled or frustrated, D'Argenson ended by suspecting the treachery of which he was the victim, and consequently began to act with greater caution, prosecuting his plans with increased cunning and all possible dispatch, baffling discovery.

Having in the manner already described rescued Father Pierre Simon, the capuchin, from the snare D'Argenson had laid to entrap him, and warned him of the danger by which he was surrounded in consequence of his equivocal position, and having further concerted measures to insure the holy father's safety until he had accomplished the secret and important mission which brought him to the capital, Jacques cast off his disguise, and returned to Paris, bearing a letter to Jeanne de St. Aune from Madame de Maintenon, in which this personage apprised her of the steps she had taken to procure Julie's release, and of the king's promise to command it.

The poor girl was in tears. St. Marcel had waited upon her that morning, with a letter from Julie, which Jacques had commissioned him to deliver, and which, as will be remembered, he placed in Jacques' hand only the night before, as the latter was on the point of leaving the Bastille. She appeared to have just completed the perusal of the welcome epistle, but evidently her heart was a prey to the intensest anguish, for she sobbed loud and frequently; her eyes too were red, and swollen for the want of repose, whilst her pallid cheek, here and there tinged with a slight flush, betrayed the anxiety to which she had all night been a prey. Old Prévôt was seated by her side, wiping her own eyes in sympathy, and endeavoring to comfort her young mistress by the most persuasive arguments to prove "that everything must have an end," and assuring her—as she often said before—that everything that happens is assured for the best.

It was difficult to say, however, whether the old nurse or Jeanne was the most alarmed at the apparition of Jacques, who entered the apartment in which they were sitting—through the door it is true—but most unexpectedly, and in his usual quiet and mysterious manner. Prévôt was too much terrified to scream, whilst Jeanne gazed tremblingly and in silence at him, knowing him to be intimately connected with their misfortunes, and to have played a prominent part in them; she dreaded to hear him speak, lest she should find him the precursor of some fresh calamity, and was scarcely able to maintain even an appearance of composure; perceiving the effect which his presence produced, Jacques motioned them to remain seated, and addressing Jeanne, said:

"Don't be alarmed, mademoiselle, I am only the bearer of a letter to you from Versailles."

"From Madame de Maintenon?" hurriedly exclaimed Jeanne, reassured by his respectful deportment and the frankness of his manner; "I ought to have waited upon her to-day, but—here she burst into a fresh flood of tears, which prevented her from uttering the sentence."

Jacques, who knew the subject uppermost in her mind, abstained from making any remark relative to her father, and, holding her the letter, continued:

"I saw Madame de Maintenon this morning; she requests me to deliver this into your hands; finding that you did not come to Versailles, she was unwilling to keep you in suspense."

"Thank heaven!" exclaimed Jeanne, wiping her eyes as she finished the perusal of the letter; "we shall then, dear nurse, see our beloved Julie again. But where—where can my poor father be?"

"Most remarkable!" chimed in Prévôt; "do you know, sir—" this was addressed to the spy—"that monsieur le baron left home last evening to go to the Bastille and fetch Mademoiselle Julie, and he has not yet returned. A most remarkable circumstance, isn't it? I say they have kept him there."

Jacques, although moved almost to tears by the anguish of the beautiful Jeanne, felt disinclined to confide to her the dreadful secret that he had surprised, lest he should compromise his own safety.

"I was at the Bastille, last night," he at length said, "but I fear you will not thank me for the news I shall give you—"

"Say! say! I beg I beg!" answered Jeanne, breathless with excitement; "something is better than suspense."

"I have a great respect for you, mademoiselle," again remarked the spy; "I may call it even friendship, and I know I can rely upon your discretion; but will you answer for that of your companion there?" and he pointed to Prévôt.

"Answer for my discretion indeed," exclaimed the dame, with an air of wounded dignity, perking herself up, and tossing her head; "I can answer for my own; I arrived long ago at the years of discretion, I can tell you; and when a girl, I was always remarkable for discretion—"

"I can trust Prévôt with any secret," observed Jeanne, inwardly anticipating Jacques' communication; "you may therefore speak without fear."

"For your father's sake, then," replied Jacques, "for the sake of your sister, nay, for your own, do not let it transpire that you communicated with them; your imprudence might involve me in trouble, and deprive you of your only protector."

"Gracious heavens!" ejaculated Jeanne, in a scarcely audible voice, and turning pale as a corpse; "what do you mean? In pity's sake let me know the worst at once."

"I do not know the worst myself," responded he; "but I grieve to say that that your father is once more in the power of M^{onsieur} D'Argenson."

"Most remarkable!" cried Prévôt; "didn't I say so?"

"I anticipated this," murmured Jeanne, sinking back in her chair and sobbing hysterically; "my poor dear father, then, is again a prisoner in the Bastille! Have you," she added, after a pause, and in a tone of agony that cut him to the heart, "have you had a hand in this?"

The question was so direct, and came so unexpectedly, that it threw Jacques off his guard. The blood flew from his cheeks; and his trepidation, notwithstanding the powerful efforts he made to master it, became too apparent to escape the notice of his fair interrogator. He answered not a word; but averting his eyes, stood with them bent towards the ground, overcome by his emotion.

"I see," said she, noticing his embarrassment; "I see how it is! You have had a hand in this transaction, too, and are now ashamed of the foul part you have played! Here I here is gold for the information you have given me; leave my presence—let me never behold you. I shall yet find friends in Paris."

"Stay!" answered Jacques, haughtily, at the same time setting aside the hand extended towards him with the proffered recompense; "I was instrumental in causing the imprisonment both of your father and sister; I confess it! But had it not been for me, you would still be in suspense as to their fate! Know, that through me alone must you hope to see them delivered; I have sworn to attempt their release!"

Jeanne listened to him with surprise. The man whom but a moment before she despised, suddenly became fraught with mysterious interest; his words were big with meaning, and full of determination; there was something, too, in his gaze, that inspired her with secret confidence, the influence of which she already experienced. She caught a partial glimpse of the vile motives which had actuated the Duke of Chartres to take a part in that odious plot; she shuddered, and trembled for Julie, and yet could see no possible means of rescuing her, for Madame de Maintenon's letter led her to infer that her protectress could do no more than she had already done; therefore nothing remained but to await the issue of her intercession, and that of Louis' command.

But then, what did Jacques mean by asserting that he alone could effect their release? As D'Argenson's confidential agent, did he possess any secret information connected with his employer's ulterior views, which neither Madame de Maintenon, nor still less Louis Quatorze were aware of?

It may here be remarked, that her surmise regarding the spy's acquaintance with D'Argenson's views respecting the baron and Julie, was unfounded; for Jacques possessed no certain information on that head, his own natural shrewdness and profound penetration alone leading him to infer that their fate was less in the hands of the king than in those of the lieutenant of police and his minions at the Bastille; and upon this conviction was based his assertion to Jeanne.

To confide in the extraordinary being before her, appeared a desperate step; but the ill was desperate, and no other remedy suggested itself. Thus her conclusions gradually became favorable to Jacques, whom she again addressed, and in a tone that no longer betrayed distrust.

"Who are you, strange man?" said she, "and what motive have you for secretly befriending those whom you openly persecute? for you are the agent of our enemy."

"You have cause to judge me harshly," answered the spy, in a voice tremulous with emotion; "but I am used to injustice, and can pardon those who condemn from ignorance. I am unknown to you, though not to monsieur le baron, nor was my father; but many years have elapsed since they were in connection."

"And who then was your father?" asked Jeanne, deeply interested; "and where is he?"

"Dead!" responded Jacques, in a half choked voice; "but it would serve no end to satisfy your inquiry respecting him; nor to inform you of the design that brought me a few years since to Paris; chances revived my old associations with your family, and this must suffice you to know at present."

"I can only offer you my thanks, sir," observed Jeanne, her face glowing with renewed hope; "and you may rely upon it, that for all our sakes nothing shall escape from my lips."

On receiving Jeanne's assurance, Jacques bowed to her with a degree of grace which it astonished her to find in a man of his rough exterior, and quitted the apartment as mysteriously as he had introduced himself, leaving her if not entirely resigned to the fresh calamity that had befallen her, at any rate fully impressed with the belief that it was irremediable.

But day after day passed by without any further intelligence transpiring from Jacques; she thence inferred more successful than Madame de Maintenon's intercession; in the interim, however, she took advantage of the spy's offer and forwarded to him, through the medium of St. Marcel—with whom she was in daily communication—a letter for Julie, and a second for her father, looking forward with daily increasing anxiety to their answer, in the anticipation of discovering some clue to the mystery that seemed to enshroud the whole transaction.

At length, some hours after dusk on the same evening that Jacques introduced himself so unexpectedly to the notice of the guests assembled in the Duke of Chartres' pavilion, and whilst Jeanne was speculating with Dame Prévôt upon the probable issue of her father's and her sister's fate, two strangers, in the garb of priests, were announced by old Antoine, the domestic, as desirous of seeing her upon a matter of life and death. Being instantly admitted—for her thoughts immediately reverted to the cherished objects of her affection—they informed her, with great show of sympathy and commiseration, that they came to conduct her to the convent of the Sœurs de la Madeleine de Trainel, whither her sister had been conveyed in a dying state from the Bastille.

The suddenness of the shock almost prostrated her, but summoning all her fortitude to meet the emergency, she hurried on her cloak, unhesitatingly confiding herself to the care of the holy men—whose garb was well calculated to disarm suspicion—and set out with them on foot for the convent, leaving Prévôt behind in the greatest grief; for notwithstanding her tears and entreaties to be permitted to accompany her, the strangers insisted upon the matron remaining at home, consoling her with an assurance that she should be met for if her young lady grew worse.

Jeanne—whose anguish was extreme—felt her limbs sink beneath her as she proceeded on her road, and was several times compelled to stop to gather strength to continue her journey, weeping and sobbing the whole time; when they reached the Bastille, her emotion became so violent, that even her conductors were touched; they urged her onwards, notwithstanding, supporting her between them, until they arrived at the convent, situated in the Rue de Charonne, where they quitted her, leaving her in the custody of the abbess.

And here Jeanne, for the first time, began to suspect she had been made the victim of some vile artifice, for the embarrassment visible in the superior's demeanor, and the sinister whisperings which passed between her and the sub-abbess, led her to conclude that although her arrival was expected, the object for which she had been brought was not such as her abductors represented.

"Where, madam," said she, addressing the superior, "where is my sister?"

"Thy sister, my child!" replied the latter, "we are all thy sisters here."

"Do not trifle with my feelings, I beseech you," reiterated Jeanne, bursting into tears; "I mean Julie—my own sister—whom they brought here from the Bastille, and whom they told me was dying."

"Thou art laboring under some mistake, my child," answered the abbess; "no one of the sisterhood, here, is dying; thou wert brought hither previously to thy transfer to the Carmelites. Is it not so, sister Martha?" this was addressed to the sub-abbess.

"And by whose orders, madam," asked Jeanne, without allowing sister Martha time to reply, "have I been brought hither? There surely was no necessity for employing so cruel an artifice to mislead me."

"I cannot answer thee, child, upon this point," resumed the haughty matron; "perhaps to-morrow thou wilt be more enlightened. Sister Martha shall conduct thee to thy chamber for the night; I shall expect to see thee at matins."

"This is some foul plot against my liberty," exclaimed Jeanne, the blood rushing into her cheeks; "to which I will not tamely submit. I demand to be instantly released, madame; you have no right to detain me against my will."

"Benedicite, my child," ejaculated the abbess, extending her hand and turning on her heel. "Sister Martha see her to her chamber."

As soon as the abbess was gone, sister Martha raised the weeping girl and strove to comfort her, but her assurances failed to produce the effect intended, although Jeanne appeared conscious that they were kindly meant.

"Must I then consider myself a prisoner here?" she ejaculated, with an effort to overcome her agitation. "Alas! that I should be thus persecuted."

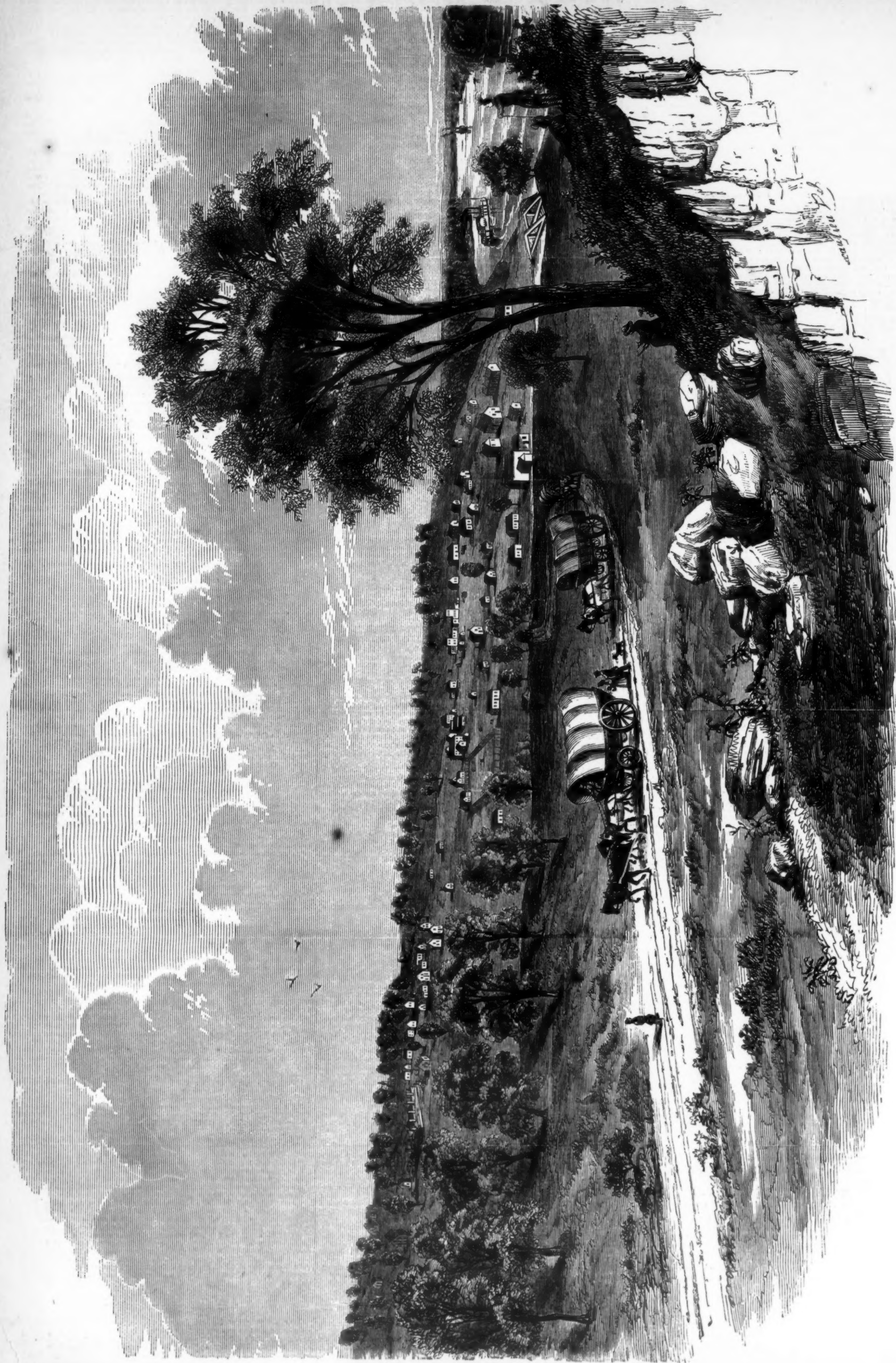
"Come this way, sister," said her companion, in a mild tone of voice. "I wish it were in my power to set thee free. But do not despair. Place thy trust in Him above; he will not fail thee in the hour of need."

So saying, she preceded Jeanne, leading the way across the great court to the western wing of the building; they soon arrived at a small chamber, neatly furnished, but only with the bare necessities, which sister Martha indicated as that in which Jeanne was to pass the night, and having embraced her on both cheeks, and pronounced a parting benediction, left her alone to her sorrows.

(To be continued.)

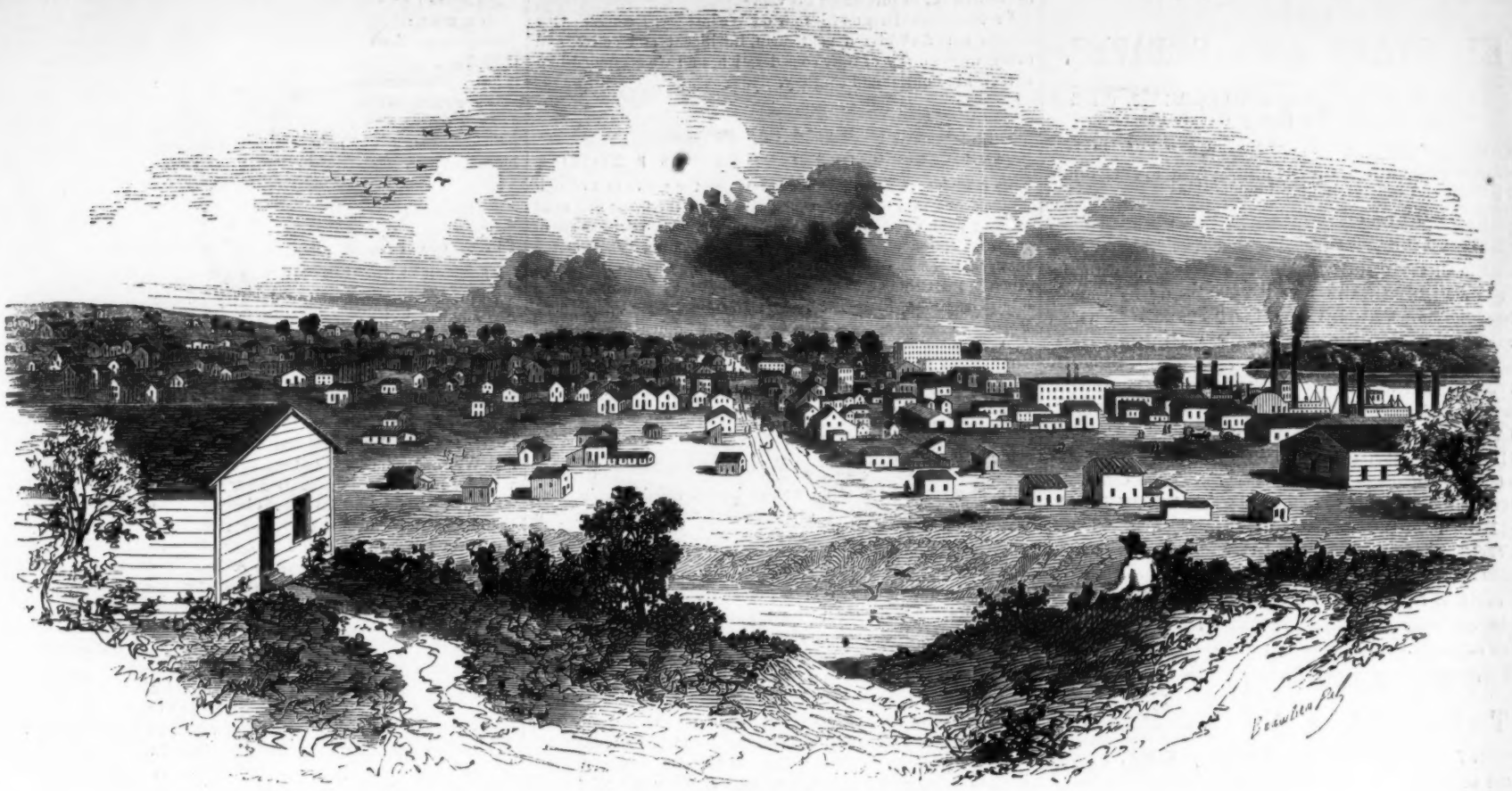
The Distinction between liking and loving was well made by a little girl six years old. She was eating something at breakfast which she seemed to relish very much. "Do you love it?" asked her aunt. "No," replied the child, with a look of disgust; "I like it. If I loved it, I should eat it."

THE CITIES OF KANSAS.—SEE FIRST PAGE.

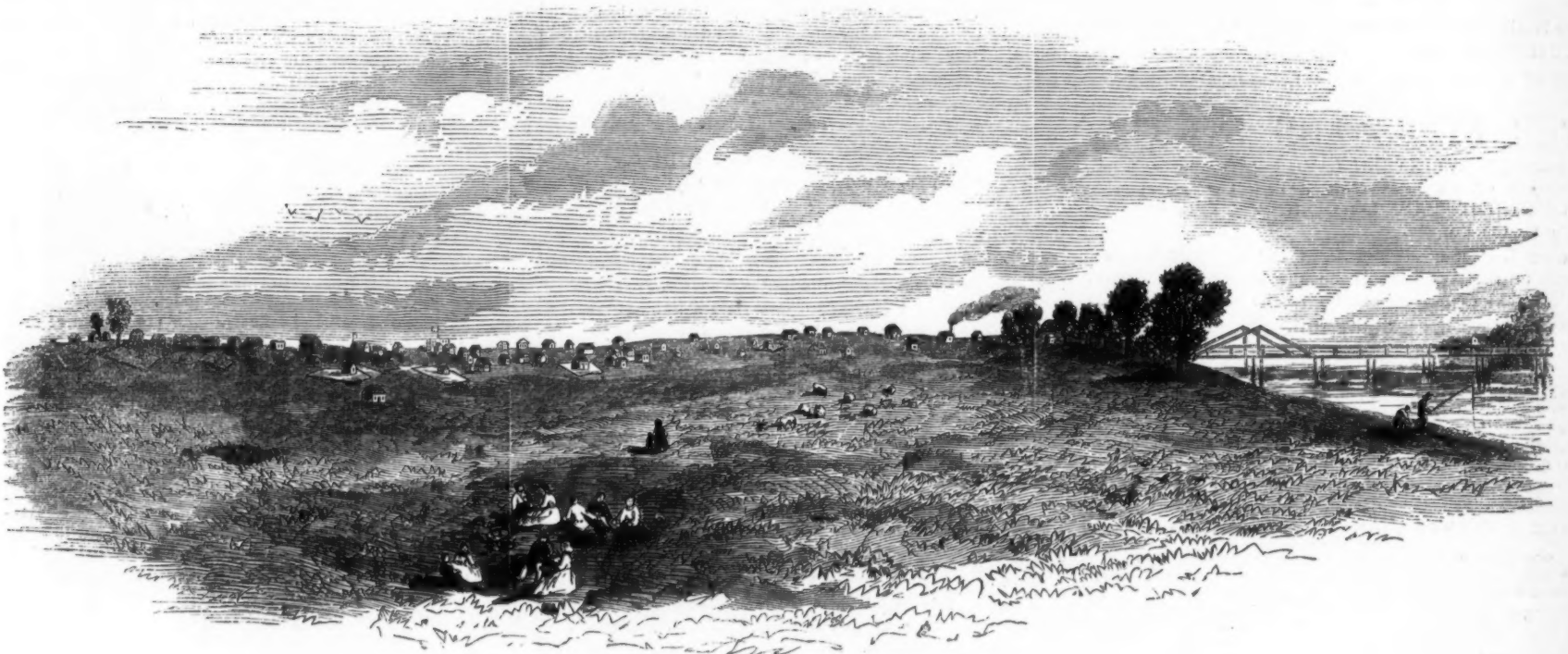


CITY OF LECOMPTON, TERRITORIAL CAPITAL OF KANSAS.

THE CITIES OF KANSAS.—SEE FIRST PAGE.



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CITY OF TOPEKA, KANSAS TERRITORY.



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us with sketches, photographs and descriptions of the prominent objects of interest that may present themselves to him on his way. We ask our friends to afford him such facilities as may be in their power in furthering his views.

Dr. Rawlings starts on his tour on Wednesday, Dec. 22. Our friends will find him a gentleman, intelligent and active, and every way worthy of their consideration, and we commend him to their kind offices and courtesy.

Second Edition.

FRANK LESLIE'S GREAT CHRISTMAS PICTORIAL

THIS magnificent Pictorial sheet, of which the entire first edition was sold out in a few days, contains some of the finest and most striking engravings ever issued in America. Its contents are of the most varied character, embracing the leading events of the past year—the Destruction of the Crystal Palace, the Steamship Austria, the Cable Celebration, Portraits of the beautiful Piccolomini, Gazzaniga, Douglas Jerrold, Chief Justice Taney, Herbert, Freeman Hunt, Steuben, Monroe, and an immense number of subjects of National and Domestic interest.

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Newspaper Vituperation.

THE greatest writers of all nations have invariably maintained that the surest foundation of permanent national prosperity is obedience to the law, inasmuch as nations being merely aggregations of households, what is indispensable to the welfare of the one is also to the other. This obedience to the law, of course, involves a due respect to the executive. All this has been pithily expressed in the scriptural maxim of "Fear God and honor the king," or chief magistrate.

This is so evident and enters so largely into every man's experience, that it is needless to dwell upon it. It is also certain that obedience can only spring either from the degrading feeling of brute instinct, which covers to force, or from the manly one, which yields to a rational conviction. The former is the attribute of slaves, as exhibited in France; the other is that of freemen, so nobly developed in our own republic till within the last few years. In this respect we seem to be in a transition state, for never has a great people so strangely lost within the last generation that instinctive reverence for the constitution, which ought to exist in every civilized community, than have the United States of America. This has, doubtless, proceeded from the large number of emigrants, who, escaping from the oppressive tyranny to which they were born, are made irrational by finding themselves the masters of their own actions. They resemble children who, overjoyed at the departure of their pedagogue, run wild in the streets and abuse their holiday.

We can therefore account for those who, suddenly inheriting a great privilege, know not how to use it, for the history of the world proves that education is requisite to the enjoyment of every blessing, more especially the inestimable one of freedom, and as there is no royal road to knowledge, this education is, necessarily, of tardy growth. There is also another reason for this growing irreverence of the law, and that is the system of abuse, personal and political, constantly indulged in by the press and the rostrum against those placed in authority. We are aware there are too many instances in which official dignity is disgraced by its occupants; but, generally speaking, there is in the public mind a contempt for our institutions fatal to the public good.

We have had this matter lately forced upon our attention by the lavish vituperation levelled at Mr. Buchanan, whose position as President of the Republic entitles him to certainly the outward show of respect, since he has been placed there by ourselves in accordance with a solemn compact, thus rendering every one, to a certain extent, responsible for the act. When a citizen, therefore, insults the head of the State, he dishonors and insults himself.

We notice this subject in consequence of the unbecoming manner in which some of our leading journals speak of our present chief magistrate. A stranger to that unhappy style of writing, now so prevalent with our editors, would imagine from some of their editorials that Mr. Buchanan was the chief criminal of the State, and not its chief magistrate. Not content with criticising his statesmanship, these Thersites of the press rake up the deeds of his youth and make private misfortunes the subjects of abuse or merriment. One godless scamp had the villainy to reproach him for an affliction which ought to have been sacred to every one in whom there lingered the faintest spark of humanity.

We are as deeply sensible to the blessings of a free press as any one living, but nothing is more calculated to impair its efficacy than the unbridled licence taken by too many of its conductors. It has also the bad effect of rendering public men, as well as the public mind, callous to its strictures. The violence of the abuse destroys at once its dignity and power. The recklessness with which the most dishonouring charges and epithets are bandied about resembles an indiscriminate mud-pelting in the streets, in which no one cares about being clean. The best men are as foully slandered as the worst, until at last they come to deserve the reputation thus fastened upon them.

We trust that the press will perceive the risk it runs of destroying its chief value by pursuing such an undignified course, and that it will bear in mind that it should not act like a Tombs bully, blackening the character of an opponent; but as a grave advocate, pleading the cause of truth and humanity before that august judge of national matters—public opinion.

The Montalembert Trial.

THE Arabia brings the somewhat unexpected intelligence that the Emperor had released, as an act of grace, the Count Montalembert from the pains and penalties pronounced against him by the Court. The Count refuses to accept the pardon, on the ground that he had appealed against the trial itself, and consequently could not receive as a favor what was his by right. The London Times, in announcing the fact, proclaims it as an unmistakable triumph of the English Press over the despotism of

Louis Napoleon's system. That the Emperor fears the public press of England is evident, since every paper containing an account of the trial was stopped at the Post Office.

It seems to be a blunder to rouse public opinion to so high a pitch as the trial of the Count has done, and then throw away the results in the shape of a pardon—without the Emperor intended it as a warning to every journalist in Paris. Even then it has the appearance of a gratuitous puff to call attention to a hostile article, more worthy of a Barnum than an Emperor. The London Times seems to be right when it says this trial and pardon display a vacillation eminently in keeping with some of his recent acts.

Our Family Magazine.

To those of our readers who have not yet seen a copy of

FRANK LESLIE'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE,

we commend our forthcoming January number, that being the first number of the Fourth Volume.

We commenced the NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE some eighteen months since; we issued it without preliminary flourish; we did not advertise it through the length and breadth of the country, but the first number issued brought its circulation up far beyond the paying point; and month by month it has gone on increasing in subscribers and in influence. The Press, North, South, East and West, have indorsed and continue to indorse it as the most varied, admirable and superbly illustrated Magazine ever issued either here or abroad. Its page is larger, more open and legible than any of its contemporaries, and gives greater scope for the display of the engravings. The character of its monthly contents may be thus summed up: A leading descriptive article of travel, profusely illustrated; a high-toned continued novel; tales of varied and sustained interest, exquisite poems, gems of pictorial art, illustrated articles on natural history, flowers, &c.; pages of miscellanies, anecdotes, wit and humor, together with original comic cuts by the first artists.

Such a scheme as the above exhibits would alone be sufficient recommendation for public patronage, but to the ladies of both city and country FRANK LESLIE'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE offers yet another brilliant attraction in the GAZETTE OF FASHION, so popular for several years as a distinct work, and which now forms the concluding section of the FAMILY MAGAZINE. The GAZETTE OF FASHION department is as full and complete as ever. It contains elaborate and beautifully executed colored steel engravings of the most recherche fashions, with numberless cuts of the newest patterns in bonnets, cloaks, embroidery, crochet, needlework, &c., &c., together with leading descriptive articles, and a vast amount of matter of singular interest to the ladies.

The character of the entire MAGAZINE and GAZETTE is essentially high-toned, but it is adapted for general reading, being a perfect repository of charming and amusing reading and superb engravings—delightful alike to the head, the heart and the eye.

We commend the January number of FRANK LESLIE'S NEW FAMILY MAGAZINE to our readers. A year's subscription would be a most acceptable and appropriate New Year's gift. The subscription price is three dollars a year.

To our Readers—Our Billiard Column.

In our next number we shall commence the publication of our Billiard Column, from which time it will be continued regularly. In Mr. Michael Phelan, who will edit our column, we have secured the greatest practical and most thorough theoretical billiard authority in the world. To all who are interested in this beautiful game—and the interest now is almost universal—this announcement will be received with lively gratification, and we predict that "Our Column" will give an impetus to the Royal Game of Billiards such as it has never before felt. The simple shots which are the theory of the game, and the brilliant combination shots which are its crowning glory, as they appear in each number, will be practised by tens of thousands throughout the length and the breadth of the country, and difficulties will be overcome by this practice of the separate important strokes more easily and surely than by any other method.

In our next number we shall open the game, and shall present a diagram of a thirteen shot made a few evenings since at Phelan's elegant rooms in Broadway, corner of 10th street.

OUR WASHINGTON CORRESPONDENCE.

WASHINGTON, D. C., Dec. 18.

The diplomatic circle, and, I may add, the fashionable circles at Washington, are greatly exercised over the departure of Lord Napier and family. It is now understood that they will leave in a very few weeks, and they are making all their arrangements for such a purpose.

No British ambassador has ever been more popular at Washington than Lord Napier. He has from the first been recognized as one of the cleverest diplomatists in the service of the English Government, and as a man of rank, yet he possesses such popular qualities that he has made scores of friends in society, and among gentlemen connected with the Government. His bearing in society has always been that of a high-toned gentleman, and yet frank, cordial and unassuming. Lady Napier has been equally popular with her husband, and to-day the finest women here are "in mourning" over the immediate prospect of her departure to Europe. It is understood that while Lord Napier will proceed to the Hague, she will go direct to Scotland with the children, and attend to their education. As this was her intention in case Lord Napier had remained at Washington, it must be pleasant to them both not to be parted by three thousand miles of ocean.

The new minister, Mr. Lyons, or Lord Lyons, will be here by the end of January, and is considered a first-class diplomatist.

Our fashionables are already agog respecting the holiday festivities. Our President opened the ball with a public dinner on Friday evening, which was largely attended. It will be followed soon by numberless dinners, parties and receptions, so that within a fortnight we shall have fairly launched out upon the gay season.

Among the notable events of the week is the arrival of John Letcher of Virginia among us, and a serenade given in his honor at Brown's Hotel. Mr. Letcher's name has been very prominently before the country in the recent nominating caucus in Virginia, and crowds of his old Congressional friends have gathered round him upon his return to Washington. Among these are his political opponents in the House of Representatives. John Letcher is quite a character in the house, and is popular irrespective of party lines. In person he is well-proportioned, but is entirely bald, though not old, and has a face red as a scarlet rose. His peculiar appearance always attracts the attention of the stranger; but if he has the good fortune

FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER.

NEW YORK, DECEMBER 26, 1858

To Our Friends in the South.

We call the special attention of our friends in the South, editorially, artistic and otherwise, to the fact that we have appointed Dr. A. Rawlings, of New York, as our special correspondent for the Illustrated Newspaper. Dr. A. Rawlings will visit the various Southern cities during the next few months, and will furnish

to hear him speak, he will discover that John Letcher is one of the ablest men in the House.

The Judge Watrous impeachment case has occupied much of the attention of the House during the past week, and has elicited some eloquent speeches. The Judge is at one of the hotels, and is a sad-looking old man. His white hairs, and forlorn cast of countenance, excite pity wherever they are seen, especially among those who believe him to be innocent.

On Tuesday the Watrous case brought the House up to a degree of high excitement, and when an attempt was made to move the previous question, a scene ensued such as the House only presents when it is deeply excited, but which is novel to the casual spectator. Such a scene is exciting also to the outsider. The Speaker is continually rapping upon his desk and calling the House to order; the whole House is standing, gathered into little knots, all over the floor of the hall; two or three gentlemen are trying to talk at the same time. "Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker! Mr. Speaker!" shout a dozen others at the top of their voices, some to call to order, some to ask a question, and others to ask a question of the member who has nominally the floor; while the general noise is so great, and the confusion so appalling, that it would seem impossible to restore order. But the Speaker keeps at his work. He shouts, "The gentleman from—will please take his seat till order is restored." Rap, rap, rap goes the gavel. "The gentleman standing in the right aisle will please take their seats. Conversation is too loud in the Hall." Rap, rap, rap. "The Speaker will call gentlemen by their names unless order is restored!" At last quiet dawned again upon the House. Each member goes back to his seat, each angry voice is hushed, and the Speaker, as if exhausted by his efforts, says in a moderate tone, "The gentleman will proceed."

The Pacific Railroad has received a pretty thorough discussion in the Senate, and it is not unlikely that the Central route may be selected as a compromise between the partisans of the extreme routes.

SIDNEY.

LITERATURE.

The Poetical Works of Edgar Allan Poe. With original Memoir. New York: J. S. Redfield, 34 Beekman street.

The poetical works of Poe should be in the library of every one who pretends to a literary taste, more especially in the library of every American, for Poe's genius has shed a glory round the literature of our country, a glory of which every one born upon the soil should be proud. Probably no single poem ever written won immediately so world-wide a reputation as Poe's poem of "The Raven." It ran like an electric shock through the whole press of America, and found an immediate echo in England, and in an incredibly short time in France and Germany. This is but one of a large number of exquisite poetical thoughts of which this beautiful book is the rich receptacle. It is a rare treat to ponder upon the quaint yet powerful fancy which distinguishes every gem from the pen of Poe; his was an erratic mind, but every flash was a scintillation of genius.

Redfield has brought out this book in superb style. The binding, in scarlet and gold, is truly gorgeous, and the paper on which the poems are printed is of the finest possible texture, color and quality, and is never to be met with but in the most costly works. The steel engravings are from original designs by Pickersgill, Birket Foster, Tennell and other equally eminent artists. A more exquisitely printed book we have never seen, and as a holiday-time gift book we can hardly imagine anything more beautiful or more acceptable. It is a present valuable, not only for its superb bringing out, but for the rare intellectual merits of its contents.

Household Edition of the Waverley Novels. Boston: Ticknor & Fields.

The latest issued numbers of this beautiful edition of Sir Walter Scott's novels contain the admirable story of "The Fair Maid of Perth." These two volumes are of course uniform with the previously-published numbers, and, like them, are distinguished by beautiful typography, fine paper, excellent binding and admirably-executed steel engravings.

Household Edition of the Waverley Novels is undoubtedly the cheapest and most desirable edition published.

The Tenant-House; or, Embers from Poverty's Hearthstone. By the Hon. J. A. DUGANNE. New York: Robert M. DeWitt.

The object of this powerfully written book is to awaken the public attention to the accumulated horrors arising from the system of "tenant-houses." The evil is wide spread and terrible, and the amount of suffering hourly experienced within their dreary walls far exceeds all that the most vivid imagination could picture. Mr. Duganne has woven into the threads of a deeply-interesting romance many of the striking scenes of tenant-house life, and has laid bare the poverty, the crime, the destitution and the suffering which the poor endure in their living death in the midst of our wealthy and magnificent city.

The moral of this book is unmistakable, and its object is philanthropic in the highest degree. It points out to the wealthy, the charitable and the religious a vast field for their operation—a missionary district near at hand, more helplessly desolate and untended than the heathen nations, which seem to exhaust all the sympathy of those who have the power to aid their fellow-men. Charity at home, among our own poor, destitute heathens has always been unfashionable. Let us hope that the efforts of earnest writers will awaken the good Samaritans of New York—and their number is not few—to a knowledge of a field in which the active operations of a Home Missionary Society would produce incalculable benefits, and save thousands of Christian souls and bodies from spiritual and physical starvation.

Mr. Duganne has produced a book of intense interest, and has treated his subject in a powerful and brilliant manner. Highly colored as many of the scenes may appear, they are comparatively weak when contrasted with the reality which the author has witnessed. His official position has given him advantages for thoroughly examining the subject which few others have possessed, and the "Tenant-House" is the result of his painful and harrowing experience. Public thanks are due to Mr. Duganne for his boldness and humanity in bringing this great social evil so prominently forward, and we sincerely trust that his well-directed efforts may meet with the serious attention they deserve; that his labors will bear practical results, that will lead to the amelioration of a class which needs all the sympathy and assistance of a large and enlightened charity.

The Yule Log. A Series of Stories for the Young. New York: Stanford & Delisser, 508 Broadway.

This little book contains a number of charmingly written stories, peculiarly adapted, both for their moral tone and their fascinating interest, for the coming Christmas time. The character of the stories may be judged by their titles, which are as follows: "The Boy and his Silver Wings," "The Sparrows and the Fairy," "The Princess and the Rose," "The Beauty in the Mist," "The Rich Persian and the Statue," "The Rose and the Lily," "The Golden Cloak," "The Wonderful Bird," "The Mermaid and Her Child."

The "Yule Log" is elegantly brought out, and will prove a most acceptable present for our young people.

Our Musical Friend.—We have received the second and third numbers of this pleasant weekly musical publication. Their contents are: No. 2, Redowa, from Le Prophète; My Childhood's Love, Song, Flotow; The Blue Eyed Belle, Waltz, Burgmüller; The Traveler's Evening Song, Schubert. No. 3, Melodies from Il Trovatore (all the principal Airs of the Opera), arranged for the Piano-forte, Verdi. We are glad to learn that "Our Musical Friend" is meeting with extraordinary success.

The Poets of the Nineteenth Century. Illustrated. Selected and Edited by the Rev. ROBERT ARN WELLMOR, Incumbent of Bearwood. With English and American Additions. Arranged by EVART A. DUYCKINCK. New York: Harper Brothers.

Massively and solidly bound, superbly embossed in blue and gold, with gilt leaves, on thick paper, and admirably illustrated, "The Poets of the Nineteenth Century" are issued to the public in a form worthy of it and them.

The poetical selections are very varied in their character, and are chosen from the works of the most eminent poets of our own land and England. If all are not there who should be there, and if some are there who should not be there, these faults must be excused in consideration of the superabundant material, the *embellishments* of richness, and the difficulty of selection. The book contains over six hundred pages, and it is a real luxury to read such poetry, from such type, on such paper.

The engravings which illustrate the poems in this really beautiful gift book are exquisite specimens of the art, from designs by the most eminent artists of both countries, and are in themselves alone worth the price of the work.

Harper's "Poets of the Nineteenth Century" is one of the most magnificent gift books of this season, so prolific of gift publications.

We have received from the publishers the following new books: "While It was Morning," by Virginia F. Townsend; and "Future Life, or Scenes in Another World," by George Wood.

MUSIC.

We have little in the way of music to chronicle this week. The little with Piccolomini is in Boston, and has brought out the luminous critics of that city in a deliciously contradictory style. They say that she is only a piquant chambermaid—that she throws great intensity and pathos into her delineations—that she cannot sing—that she sings with charming natural sweetness—that she has no voice—that her voice has a touching and sympathetic quality—that she is charming—fascinating—a witch—in short she is good and bad—a voiceless nightingale, but charming! charming! charming!!!

After all these enlightening and singularly unanimous criticisms, Piccolomini has created just as great a *furor* in Boston as she did in New York. The press may make an enormous noodle of itself, but the public judges it for itself, and that verdict has been given entirely in favor of the bewitching little Piccolomini.

Strakosch and his company are away down South, and have met with most extraordinary success. His star is in the ascendant.

In Havana, Max Maretzek, has, in sporting parlance, made a ten strike and a spare. His company gives entire satisfaction—the Havanaes are a generous and cordial audience, and warmly appreciate merit. In addition to the brilliant success of his operatic speculation, Maretzek has been entrusted with the getting up of a series of out-of-door entertainments, after the manner of the Jones' Wood festivals of last summer, in honor of the introduction of water into Havana, and for this purpose sixty thousand dollars have been appropriated and placed at Maretzek's disposal. Max ought to make a good thing out of this.

We have had several concerts during the past week at Dodworth's Academy. The wonderful young pianist, Napoleon, gave his third soirée, and deservedly excited the greatest enthusiasm. He is an extraordinary youth.

Mr. Goldbeck has also given one of his pleasant soirées, and Mr. Hopkins has had his second complimentary concert.

With the above exceptions, the musical world has been devoid of excitement.

DRAMA.

Laura Keene's Theatre.—We have again the same unvarying success to chronicle. "Our American Cousin" fills the house every night, with one of those pleasant afterpieces which are so capitally sustained by Miss MacCarthy, Burnett, Jefferson, &c., &c. When the public will permit it, Tom Taylor's comedy will be withdrawn, and the "Midsummer Night's Dream" presented in a style of unequalled magnificence.

Wallack's Theatre.—We noticed the great revival of the "Merchant of Venice" so elaborately in our last, that we have now merely to say that it naturally goes better now than on the first night. It occurred, however, to us the other night, that Mr. Wallack possibly makes Shylock a little too old—his appearance seems to contradict the fact of Jessica being his daughter. With this somewhat hypercritical objection, his personation of the vindictive but outraged Jew is worthy the great master mind that drew the character. Miss Mary Gannon's Nerissa is very charming; the coquettish air with which she leans against Brougham's Gratiano was inimitable, while his burst of recognition was as artistic an exhibition of gratified astonishment as ever lit up the face of an affectionate husband, who suddenly finds in his arms the adored being he thought was a hundred miles away. Mr. Young improves in Launcelet Gobbo so much that we look forward with considerable interest to his appearance in other characters. He is evidently a well-trained actor.

Barnum's Museum.—For once an advertisement does not overstep the modesty of nature, for Mr. Greenwood may well commence his with "unprecedented attraction!" Those tiny embodiments of poetic motion, the Infant Alice and la petite Emmeline, are very charming; while the Zavislawski troupe are admirable pantomimists. Their performance of the new comic ballet, "The Birthday," is excellent. To these is added "The Day After the Fair," by the Wren Family. The whole concludes with "Pekin in an Uproar," where the Zavislawskies again triumph.

PARLOR GOSSIP FOR THE LADIES.

Royal Whims.—From Atkinson's Memoirs of the Queens of Prussia we glean the following piece of royal tyranny: "Sophia Dorothea had a set of very splendid diamonds, which she seldom ventured to wear in the presence of her arbitrary and display-adoring lord. She herself, however, had no objection to array her fine person in costly attire, and upon one occasion, during the king's indisposition, she appeared at a birthday ball, at Monbijou, adorned with these magnificent ornaments. The evening was very gay in the absence of the stern star; the dancing and music were at their height, and the queen was deeply immersed in her game, when the announcement, 'The king is coming!' caused a general consternation. The music ceased; the dancing stopped; and the queen, as she sat, hastily unclasped her jewels and thrust them into her pocket, before the king had time to withdraw his angry gaze from the brilliantly and extravagantly lighted apartment and perceive them."

A Word to Church-goers.—We beg our readers to understand that we would be the last to undervalue the importance of Divine worship, but we fear there are too many who pride themselves upon the outward observance of religious duties on the Sabbath; too many who think Sunday is a sponge upon which to wipe out the sins of the week. Now God's altar stands from Sunday to Sunday, and the seventh day is no mere for religion than any other. It is for rest. The whole seven are for religion. A week filled up with selfishness, and the Sabbath stuffed full of religious exercises, will make a good Pharisee but a poor Christian. How many "strain at a gnat and swallow a camel," by too rigidly observing the "letter of the law," entirely forgetful of the spirit. Let the holy influence of the Sabbath shine forth in kind acts throughout the week.

Perfection.—Although "perfection" is at a somewhat low ebb, it is still well for those who flatter themselves they are singular exceptions to have a standard whereby to judge. Tennyson saith:

"A courage to endure and to obey—
A hate of gossip parlance, and of sway,
Crown'd Isabel, through all her placid life,
The queen of marriage—a most perfect wife."

Where shall we find such an one now-a-days? Is the poet fortunate enough to possess her, or does the vivacious of his imagination array her with these virtues? If so, we should deem the wife of the poet a most enviable person, though we should ourselves feel inclined to suspect that however powerful the imagination of the poet lover, so much the more prosaic would be the reality to the husband poet. The venerable bard of Rydal described a "perfect woman" as one possessing—

"The reason firm, the temperate will,
Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
A perfect woman, nobly planned,
To warn, to comfort, and to command;
And yet a spirit still and bright,
With something of an angel-light."

But here we have the "perfect husband" and the "perfect man" portrayed. We question their existence:

"Faithful as dog, the lonely shepherd's pride;
True as the helm, the bark's protecting guide;
Firm as the shaft that props the towering dome;
Sweet as to shipwreck'd seaman life and home."

Scott says: "The man deserving the name is one whose thoughts and exertions are for others, rather than himself; whose high purpose is adopted on just principles, and never abandoned while heaven or earth affords means of accomplishing it. He is one who will neither seek an indirect advantage by a specious word, nor take an evil path to secure a real good purpose. Such a man were one for whom a woman's heart should beat content while he breathes, and break when he dies."

We say when found the public ought to be notified of the fact, and the extraordinary animal forthwith conveyed to Barnum's. We will close with Thackeray's definition of a gentleman:

"What is it to be a gentleman? It is to be honest, to be gentle, to be generous, to be brave, to be wise, and possessing all these qualities, to exercise them in the most graceful outward manner. Ought not a gentleman to be a loyal son, a true husband, an honest father? Ought not his life to be decent, his habits to be plain, his tastes to be high and elegant, his aims in life lofty and noble?"

Dancing to a Pretty Tune.—A German paper furnishes us with the following curious story:

"A very pretty danseuse has lately created great excitement at Berlin. Mile. Lillental made so many pinpoints one fine evening on the stage of the Theatre Royal, that she turned the head of Herr Comptoir, a rich millionaire of Vienna, who was on a visit to the Prussian capital. The beautiful limbs of the fair Terpsichore touched his heart so deeply that he demanded her hand in marriage. Of course you will say that she at once accepted the offer. Not at all. She made her conditions as follows: 1st, an apartment separate from that of her husband; 2d, a carriage and servants for herself; 3d, 15,000 francs a year for her toilette; and finally (for she calculated everything), 200,000 francs in case of separation. Mr. Comptoir subscribed to these slightly unreasonable conditions, and last week all the gay world of Berlin witnessed in the cathedral the marriage of the millionaire to the danseuse."

A Hint to Bouquet Donors.—A truly Parisian anecdote of a danseuse, a bouquet, rich lace, and a prodigious count, we find in a late French paper. M. le Comte de M., one of the many admirers of the brilliant star in the constellation of the ballet at the Grand Opera, Madame X—, desiring to furnish her with a new evidence of his infatuation, caused to be procured a magnificent bouquet, composed of the choicest and most expensive flowers, arranged with consummate taste. In order to preserve his gift-offering from the banalities of Parma violets, moss-rose, or carnations, he resolved to send it in an original manner. He bought in the Rue Richelieu, in one of the large establishments in the neighborhood of the Bourne, a superb lot of lace. Whether Point d'Alencon, d'Angletier, or Marlines, is of little consequence; sufficient that it was twenty metres in extent, and cost 3,400 francs! One evening the bouquet, swathed in the precious tissue, parted from a loge, and fell at the feet of the sylphide. Madame found the flowers charming, and exultingly placed them in a Bohemian vase, first extracting their costly envelope. The lace was submitted to the verdict of a neighbor, who passed it to a young clerk familiar with silks, gimps and embroideries; and as chance would have it, it happened that he was precisely the person of whom the purchase had been made. He recognized the goods, and immediately revealed the prodigality of his customer by indicating the price of the rival of Tagliioni and Elisor. Informed of these details, an idea traversed the brain of the rival of Tagliioni and Elisor. Disdaining all trophies of victory, indifferent to the homage of enthusiasm, he resolved to the clerk the souvenir of an evening's success, at a loss of thirty per cent. on the original cost! And now the twenty metres of lace tranquilly sleep in the merchant's pasteboard, waiting until a new bouquet or a ball dress shall awaken them! At the principal restaurants of Paris is sold choice and rare Bordeaux wine "returned from India." At the negotians', in the Rue Richelieu, they have invented lace returned from Madame X—!

A COLUMN OF GOLD.

Obedient Orders.—"Edward," said his mother to a boy of eight, who was trundling a hoop in the front yard, "Edward, you mustn't go out of that gate into the street."

"No, ma, I won't," was the reply. A few minutes afterwards his mother had occasion to go to the window. To her surprise she saw Edward in the street, engaged in the very edifying employment of manufacturing dirt pies.

"Didn't I tell you," she said, angrily, "not to go through the gate?"

"Well, I didn't, mother," was the satisfactory reply. "I climbed over the fence."

A Virginia Traveller and a Kentucky Landlord.—A traveller from Virginia, as his blooded horse, plethoric saddle-bags, and haughty jaw-features indicated, stopped at a comfortable wayside inn, in Kentucky, one night many years ago. The landlord was a jovial, wholesome fellow, as landlords were in those days, and gave the stranger the best entertainments his table and bar would afford, as well as his own merry company to make him glad. Early in the morning the stranger was up and looking around, when he espied a rich bed of mint in the garden. He straightway found Boniface, and indignant at what he supposed his inhospitality in setting plain whiskey before him, when the means of brewing nectar was so easy of access, he dragged him forth to the spot, and pointing his finger at the mint, he exclaimed, "I say, landlord, will you be good enough to say what that is?"

"A bed of mint," said the somewhat astonished landlord.

"And will you please tell me what is the use of it?"

"Well, don't exactly know," said the old woman dries it sometimes with the other herbs."

The Virginian almost turned pale at the enormity of the assertion.

"And do you mean to tell me that you don't know what a mint julep is?"

"Not 'cept it's something like sage tea, stranger."

"Sage tea! Go right along to the house, get a bucket of ice, loaf sugar and your best liquor."

The landlord obeyed, and the stranger soon made his appearance with a handful of the fragrant, dewy mint, and then they brewed and drank again. Breakfast was over, and the stranger's horse was brought out, only to be ordered back again. Through the livelong day they brewed and drank; one or two neighbors dropped in, who were partakers, and late in the night were their orgies kept up. Ere they made it bedtime, the landlord and his Virginia friend, who had initiated him into the pleasant mysteries of mint julep, were sworn brothers; and when the latter departed next morning, Boniface exacted a pledge that he should stop on his return, and stay as long as he pleased free of cost.

The stranger's business, however, detained him longer than he expected; and it was the next summer before he came back.

Riding up late in the evening, he gave his horse to an old negro who was at the gate, and at the same time inquired,

"Well, Sam, how is your master?"

"Yonder him come," said the negro, pointing to a youth who was approaching.

"I mean your old master, fool."

"Old master! him done dead dis tree month."

"Dead! What was the matter with him? He was in fine health when I left him."

"Yes; but see. Masses Stranger, one of them Virginia gommens come along here last year and showed him how to eat greens in his licker; he liked it so well he done stunk to him till it kill him," said the old darkey, shaking his head.

The stranger passed a less jovial night than on his previous visit, and was off by daybreak the next morning. He quitted his conscience, however, in the end, with the reflection that good things are sometimes misused.

A Minikin three feet and a half colonel, being one day at the drill, was examining a strapper of six feet four.

"Come, fellow, hold up your head; higher, fellow."

"Yes, sir."

"Higher, fellow, higher."

"What—so, sir?"

"Yes, fellow."

"Must I always remain so?"

"Yes, fellow, to be sure."

"Why, then, good bye, colonel, for I never shall see you again."

There's Joy for You and Me.

The sunlight glids the mountain top,
And glows upon the plain,
The tall corn undulating plays
Before the breeze again;
The hedges are besprent with blooms,
Most beautiful to see,
There's life and love in everything,
And joy for you and me.

Come from thy chamber, let us seek
Some quiet sylvan nook,
Where we may undisturb'd peruse
Sweet Nature's mystic book;
Where holding silent intercourse
With bird, and flow'r, and tree,
Our fancy's barks may glide adown
The stream of poetic.

Come forth and bring our newborn boy,
Where wanton breezes play,
And gain rare odors rambling through
Wide meads of fresh-mown hay;
Come forth, and bring our newborn boy,
Where Zephyrus may greet
The dear one's dainty dimpling mouth
With kisses soft and sweet.

Come forth, and leaning on my arm,
A gentle stroll we'll take,
Where foxgloves hang their strings of bells
Among the forest brake.
Where linnet, lark, and blackbird food
The ear with minstrelsy,
There's life and love in everything,
And joy for you and me.

A Dutchman on being called upon to help to pay for a lightning rod for the village church, toward the building of which he had liberally subscribed, exclaimed, "I have helped to build a house for de Lord, and if he chooses to dander on it and knock it down, he must do it at his own risk."

A Senator Elected by a Love Letter.—In a certain town in this State a letter arrived for a young lady from her lover, on the day of the election. The Postmaster, as is not infrequently in the rural districts, knowing the eagerness with which a message of that tender character would be expected, took upon himself the pleasing duty of delivering it; but first, like a good Democrat, he must vote, and of course in a separate self-sealing envelope. This was duly prepared, with the Democratic tickets safely enclosed, and the gluten stuck together. Stopping at the town meeting, he deposited the letter in the ballot-box, and proceeded with the separate and self-sealed to the house of the blooming maiden, to whom he gallantly handed the entire Democratic ticket, State and town. How the lady interpreted the misadventure we do not know, but the moderator and clerk ungalantly refused to count the love letter, and the Republican candidate was declared elected by one majority.

The Pittsfield Eagle says great regard for the comfort of his fellow-passengers, but not much for his dog, was manifested by a Frenchman who took the cars at Pittsfield last week for New York. The animal was a valuable one, and he did not like to leave him, nor did he like to take him into the cars to the discomfort of the passengers; so, procuring a stout cord, he attached one end to the dog's collar, and the other end to the back of the rear car. The train went into Bridgeport with a brass collar and a dog's ear attached. Considerable dog was strewn along the track.

Pope, the performer, was more celebrated for his eating than for his acting. His whole mind was concentrated on the kitchen. After the last American was a naval friend was describing the cookery of the Yankees, when he happened to say that turbot was usually brought to the table without sauce. "What!" exclaimed Pope with a look of as deep disgust as his expansive countenance was capable of, "what! do these barbarians devour the king of fish without the royal anointment, butter? Why did we make peace with them?"

A Butcher, who was afflicted with that obliquity of vision known as strabismus, was about slaughtering a bullock, and he employed a little negro to stand by the bull's neck, grasp his horns, and hold his head steady, so that he (the butcher) would have a certainty of knocking him down. As the bullock poised his axe in the air he seemed to be looking directly at the negro instead of at the bullock. "Look here, look here, bossy," exclaimed the darkey with a great deal of nervous trepidation, "is you gwine to strike whar you is lookin'?"

"Of course I am, you black scoundrel," was the reply. "Den you git somebody else to hold de bullock," ejaculated the negro; "you isn't gwine to knock dis chile's brains out."

"Well, Allick, how's your brother Ike getting on these times?"

"Oh, first-rate. Got a start in the world—married a widow with nine children!"

A pretty sizable start, that.

See there! exclaimed a returned Irish soldier to a gaping crowd, as he exhibited, with some pride, his tall hat with a bullet hole in it. "Look at that hole, will you? You see that if it had been a low-crowned hat I should have been killed outright!"

If a Man be gloomy, let him keep to himself. No one has a right to go croaking about society, or, what is worse, looking as if he felt it. The fellows should be put in the pound. I like a good broken heart or so, now and then; but then we should retire to the Sierra Morena Mountains, and live upon locusts and wild honey.

"Well, Pat, which is the way to Burlington?"

"How did you know my name was Pat?"

"Oh, I guessed it."

"Then if ye are so good at guessing, ye'd better guess the way to Burlington."

THE TRIAL OF COUNT MONTALEMBERT.

THE panegyrist of the present ruler of France delight now in contrasting, now in comparing his career with that of his great uncle, whose legacy of glory has invested the tyrant beneath whose iron despotism France is groaning with a factitious reputation and the idea of destiny in success. A resemblance is traced by the admirers of Napoleon III. between his solicitude for the material prosperity of France, combined with an utter suppression of what may be called the intellect of the nation, and that of his uncle; while his professed desire for peace in Europe is favorably compared with the thirst for universal warfare which led at length to the ruin of the first Napoleon. One of the most curious points of true resemblance between the two despots is, perhaps, the attitude in which both have been seen with respect to two of the most prominent men of letters in France or in Europe. The persecution of Chateaubriand by Napoleon I. is duplicated in the recent trial of Montalembert at the instance of Napoleon III.

Like Montalembert, the Viscount Chateaubriand was, in the earlier years of Napoleon's reign, a supporter of his authority, and although his opinions, unlike those of the sincere Catholic, Montalembert, were of the most liberal nature, the resemblance is still maintained in the circumstance that each believed himself to be sustaining his own views in the person of his chosen sovereign. Chateaubriand accepted a diplomatic appointment in Italy, and Montalembert used his powerful pen in the support of the tyranny of Napoleon III. But the continuance of such alliances as these is almost an impossibility; the aspirations of genius must inevitably revolt against the fettering influence of an unscrupulous despotism; and both Chateaubriand and Montalembert gradually withdrew their support. The infamous murder of the Duc d'Enghien in March, 1804, cut short the connection of Chateaubriand with Napoleon; and thenceforth, though continuing to reside in France, his writings were influenced by a spirit of covert hostility to the designs of the Emperor, which more than once brought him to the very verge of banishment. Had the autocratic power of Napoleon I. been exercised as nakedly and unwisely as that of his nephew, Chateaubriand would have been subjected to the severest penalties; but Napoleon, while he writhed under the infliction of merciless though shrouded satire, dare not do what the present Emperor has attempted. He once swore, it is true, in a moment of passion, that Chateaubriand should be hacked in pieces on the steps of his palace, but the great writer was left comparatively unmolested. In 1808 he was forbidden to write any longer in his journal, the *Mercur de France*, because his articles in that paper had contained some strictures on the "Journey to Spain," by M. de Laborde, in which the Emperor discovered insults intended for himself.

Events, it is frequently said, repeat themselves; and precisely fifty years after this prohibition, the Count de Montalembert offends another Napoleon in a manner precisely similar, by wrapping up, in an article on a foreign country, the bitterest satires on his Government. But Napoleon III. dares more than Napoleon I.; de Chateaubriand was precluded only from writing, de Montalembert is subjected to a prosecution, vilified as a traitor to his country, and visited with the utmost rigor of the despotic law.

Upon this prosecution and trial the eyes of the world have been fixed in anxious expectancy. It has not been merely an attempt at the punishment or the coercion of a daring speaker, but a resolute undertaking of iron-handed despotism, sternly paraded in the face of civilization, to crush, if not annihilate the liberty of mind. It is Brute Force against Intellect, and Brute Force wins.

Charles Forbes, Comte de Montalembert, was born in London on the 10th of March, 1810. He is the representative of an old family of Poitou, and his father was a peer of France and Ambassador at Stockholm from the court of Charles X. His mother was an Englishwoman. At the outset of his career he was an advocate of the union of Catholicism and Democracy, of which Lamennais was the apostle, and was one of the editors of a journal founded to advocate that union, called *L'Avenir*. He subsequently commenced a sort of crusade against the University, and opened, in April, 1831, in conjunction with MM. de Coux and Lacordaire, a school called the *Ecole Libre*. His opposition to the existing Government brought him at last before the Police Correctionnelle; but during this process his father died, and as M. de Montalembert then became a peer of France, he claimed the right of being tried by the Upper Chamber, by which he was condemned to a fine of one hundred francs. His defence pronounced before the Chamber may be considered as the beginning of his political career, but he was prevented, by his not having attained the legal age of thirty, from taking his seat until 1840. The condemnation of Lamennais by the Pope greatly increased the severity of M. de Montalembert's orthodoxy, and, both by writing and speaking, he made himself thenceforward known as the



CHARLES FORBES, COUNT DE MONTALEMBERT.



JULES FAVRE, THE PARISIEN ADVOCATE.

great champion of Catholicism. He published his famous "Life of Elizabeth of Hungary" in 1836. In 1842 he strongly opposed the educational measures of M. Villemain, and in the following year he published his "Catholic Manifesto." He married in 1843 the daughter of a Belgian Minister, Mademoiselle de Mérode, and after a short absence from France he returned to deliver in the Chamber of Peers his three celebrated speeches on the Liberty of the Church, the Liberty of Education, and the Liberty of the Monastic Orders. He also made himself notorious for the active part he took on behalf of oppressed nationalities, and on the 10th February, 1848, he had a solemn funeral service celebrated at Notre Dame to the memory of O'Connell. After the establishment of the Republic, M. de Montalembert was elected a member of the Constituent Assembly, and there acted sometimes with one and sometimes with another of the parties that divided the Assembly. He was opposed to the measure for again requiring journals to furnish security, to the continuance of the state of siege, and to the admission of Louis Bonaparte. But at the end of the session he supported M. Dufaure in a bill for the restriction of the press, and was loud in his approval of the French expedition to Rome. He was re-elected by the Department of Doubs for the Legislative Assembly. He there distinguished himself principally by the part he took in preparing the law to restrain the suffrage within narrower limits, by his frequent encounters with M. Victor Hugo, his only rival in oratory, and by his defence of the President. When the *coup d'état* came he protested strongly against the imprisonment of the Deputies; but he, nevertheless, was named a Member of the Consultative Commission, a distinction he declined, and was elected, in 1852, into the Corps Legislatif. As a French biographer laconically but happily expresses it, "*Il y représentait presque seul l'Opposition*." At the last election, in 1857, he was defeated in the Department of the Doubs by the Government candidate, and had since retired from public life until his article in the *Correspondant* brought him again before the world.

A synopsis of this article, entitled "*Un Débat sur l'Inde dans le Parlement Anglais*," was given on page 27 of our paper for December 11th, and it is therefore unnecessary that we should here repeat our extracts. The following are the charges founded upon it:

"1. Having excited public hatred and contempt of the Government of the Emperor. 2. Having attacked the rights and authority which the Emperor possesses by virtue of the constitution and the principle of universal suffrage. 3. Having attacked the respect due to the laws and the inviolability of the rights sanctioned by them. 4. Having sought to disturb the public peace by exciting the contempt or hatred of citizens against each other."

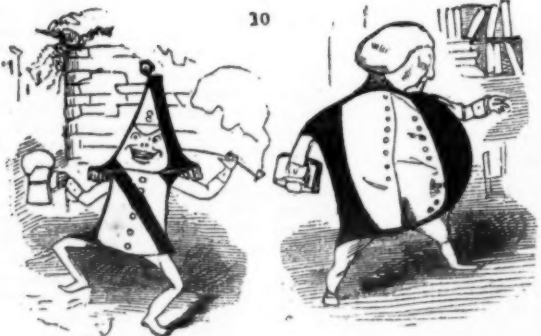
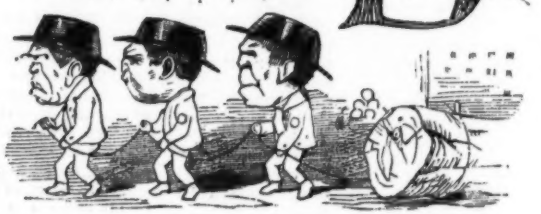
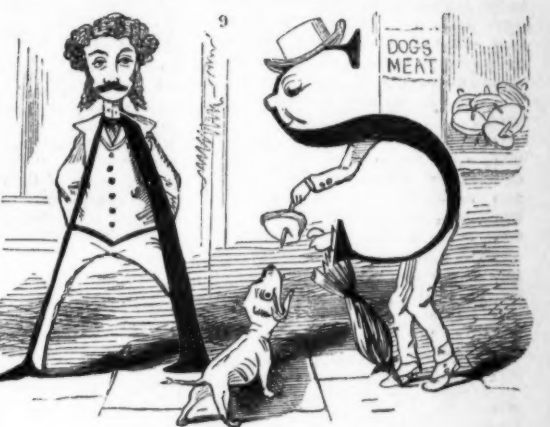
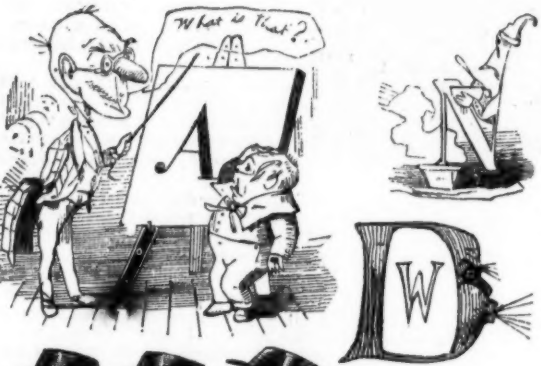
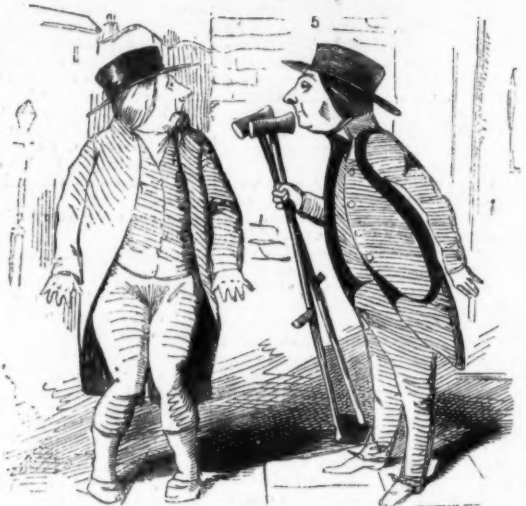
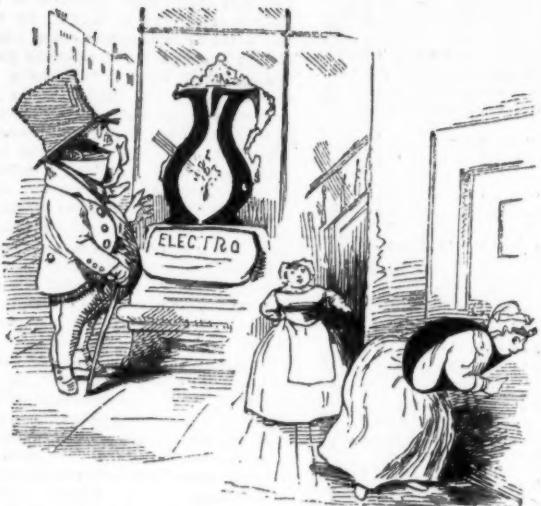
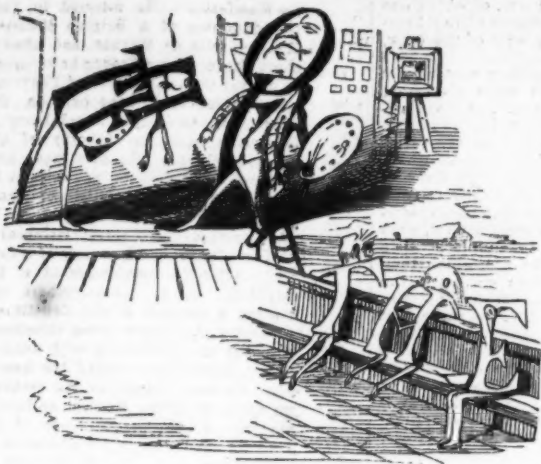
The trial commenced at noon on the 24th of November, under the presidency of M. Berthelin.

M. de Montalembert, on being asked the usual preliminary questions, said that his name was Charles (he did not mention his Christian name of Forbes), that he was forty-eight years of age, an ex-peer of France, and a member of the French Academy, and that he was born in Paris. (It has been stated in some recent biographies that he was born in London.) He answered all the questions put to him with the greatest frankness and the most perfect *sang froid*, never for a moment shrinking from the responsibility of anything he had said in his article, and never failing to detect the import of any insidious suggestion made by the President. He admitted that he admired the present political institutions of England, and regretted that France had lost them; but he denied that he had "attacked" French institutions, in any sense forbidden by the law. He admitted that when he spoke of his joy at a temporary escape in England from "pestiferous miasma and corrupt atmosphere," he alluded to miasma and atmosphere in France, but he totally denied that he meant to say that he and his friends alone were honest men, and that the eight millions of Frenchmen who had voted for the Emperor were cowards. When asked whether he should not think it an insult to say to any one in a drawing-room that "their ideas of happiness and honor were very different," he said, "Yes, if I said so to a person's face; but when I say so of a class of persons whom I do not expressly designate, I do not transcend the limits which have always been permitted." He denied that the fair construction of his expression about a "Government of ante-chamber" applied to the Emperor. He had denounced in a general way flatterers and sycophants, of whom there were as many now as there had been in all time. He had particularly denounced those flatterers who had been the obsequious followers of every dynasty. With regard to his having said that the press was "gagged," that was a mere statement of an undeniable fact. Not only were there legal warnings, but it was notorious that only within the last two days the journals of Paris had received an order, altogether extra-legal, commanding them to abstain from comment upon certain subjects.

(Continued on page 60.)

ENIGMAS FOR THE HOLIDAYS.

(SOLUTIONS IN OUR NEXT.)



The Procureur Imperial, M. Cordouen, then pronounced his *requisitoire*, or speech, for the prosecution. It was weak beyond description. M. Chais d'Estange, the "Procureur-General Imperial," who sat half hidden behind one of the Judge's chairs, looked vexed beyond measure at the poor exhibition which his inferior officer made. Etiquette prevented him from speaking himself, as he belongs to a superior court. M. Cordouen, feeling probably that he had very little to stand upon in regard to the specific passages of the article in the *Correspondant*, on which his indictment was founded, relied especially upon the general spirit of the writing considered as a whole. He accused M. de Montalembert of having praised England for the express purpose of disparaging France by contrast; and concluded by apostrophizing him as a man having lost the feelings of a Frenchman, and said (repeating the expression three times), "You have laid England prostrate at the feet of France; you have struck France in the face—yes, struck her in the face—unwillingly struck her in the face."

The Procureur Imperial sat down, and Berryer, the great advocate who was to plead the cause of the defendant, rose to speak. His oration is described as one of the most splendid efforts of fiery eloquence ever heard even at the Parisian bar. His speech lasted two hours, and produced a profound sensation on the assembly, which was jealously watched, however, by numerous police officers.

When M. Berryer sat down, loud, numerous and simultaneous cries of "Bravo" burst forth from the lower end of the court. The President ordered the police to turn out any one who had joined in the manifestation if they could find him, and threatened to clear the court if the outrage should be repeated. M. Villain, the perpetual Secretary of the Academy, approached M. Berryer, and squeezing his hand said, "You were never in your life finer, either at the bar or in the tribune." At this stage the Court rose for half an hour.

M. Dufaure, the counsel for Douniol, the publisher of the *Correspondant*, next spoke, and ably defended the paper and the articles. The judges retired at six o'clock, and returned at seven with their judgment. They found the defendants guilty of the first three charges, and acquitted them of the last. The sentence runs as follows: "The Court sentences the Count de Montalembert to six months' imprisonment and a fine of three thousand francs. Douniol to one month's imprisonment and a fine of one thousand francs. Orders both defendants jointly and severally to pay the said fines. Acquits them of the other heads of the accusation. Condemns them jointly and severally in the costs of the trial. And fixes the duration of imprisonment in default of payment at one year."

Thus ended this famous trial—henceforward an integral portion of the gloomy history of Napoleon III. It is deeply to be regretted that no report of the brilliant declamations of Berryer and Dufaure will be preserved. A strict prohibition against taking notes was enforced, and the only knowledge of the character of the proceedings that we possess, is derived from the memory of several correspondents of British newspapers. The daring of Berryer is universally applauded, but it is feared that his fearless expression of liberal sentiments may be productive of trouble to himself. As is well known, Jules Favre, the counsel for Orsini, at his trial last January, was applied to in the first place to defend de Montalembert, but he was forbidden to do so by the Government. The freedom which Favre permitted himself on this trial was deeply resented by Napoleon, who, however, did not venture to express his anger openly.

Favre was summoned to an interview with the Emperor, was praised for his courage in thus defending a would-be assassin and regicide, and received a gentle hint that his freedom of language had better not be repeated. The hint became a threat in the Montalembert case.

LETTERS FROM HIGH LATITUDES.

A Yacht Voyage of Six Thousand Miles.

ONE of the most charming books of travel that has come under our observation for several years is Lord Dufferin's book with the above title, which is about being published by Ticknor & Fields of Boston. We have been furnished with the proofsheets, and select the legend of

THOR'S TRAVELS.

Once on a time, the two Esir, Thor, the Thunder god, and his brother Lopt, attended by a servant, determined to go eastward to Jotunheim, the land of the giants, in search of adventures. Crossing over a great water, they came to a desolate plain, at whose further end, tossing and waving in the wind, rose the tree-tops of a great forest. After journeying for many years along its dusky labyrinth, they began to be anxious about a resting-place for the night. "At last, Lopt perceived a very spacious house, on one side of which was an entrance as wide as the house itself; and there they took up their night quarters. At midnight they perceived a great earthquake; the ground reeled under them and the house shook."

"Then up rose Thor and called to his companions. They sought about, and found a side building to the right, into which they went. Thor placed himself at the door; the rest went and sat down further in, and were very much afraid."

"Thor kept his hammer in his hand, ready to defend them. They then heard a terrible noise and roaring. As it began to dawn, Thor went out, and saw a man lying in the wood not far from them; he was by no means small, and he slept and snored loudly. Then Thor understood what the noise was which they heard in the night. He buckled on his belt of power, by which he increased his divine strength. At the same instant the man awoke, and rose up. It was said that Thor was so much astonished that he did not dare to slay him with his hammer, but inquired his name. He called himself Skrymer. 'Thy name,' said he, 'I need not ask, for I know that thou art Asar-Thor. But what hast thou done with my glove?'

"Skrymer stooped and took up his glove, and Thor saw that it was the house in which they passed the night, and that the out-building was the thumb."

Here follow incidents which do not differ widely from certain passages in the history of Jack the Giant Killer. Thor makes three several attempts to knock out the easy-going giant's brains during a slumber, in which he is represented as "snoring outrageously"—and after each blow of the Thun-

der god's hammer, Skrymer merely wakes up—strokes his beard—and complains of feeling some trifling inconvenience, such as a dropped acorn on his head, a fallen leaf, or a little moss shaken from the boughs. Finally, he takes leave of them—points out the way to Utgard Loke's palace, advises them not to give themselves airs at his court—as unbecoming "such little fellows" as they were, and disappears in the wood; "and"—as the old chronicler slyly adds—"it is not said whether the Esir wished ever to see him again."

They then journey on till noon; till they come to a vast palace, where a multitude of men, of whom the greater number were immensely large, sat on two benches. "After this they advanced into the presence of the king, Utgard Loke, and saluted him. He scarcely deigned to give them a look, and said smiling: 'It is late to inquire after true tidings from a great distance; but is it not Thor that I see? Yet you are really bigger than I imagined. What are the exploits that you can perform? For no one is tolerated amongst us who cannot distinguish himself by some art or accomplishment.'

"Then," said Lopt, "I understand an art of which I am prepared to give proof; and that is, that no one here can dispose of his food as I can." Then answered Utgard Loke: "Truly this is an art, if thou canst achieve it; which we will now see." He called from the bench a man named Loge to contend with Lopt. They set a trough in the middle of the hall, filled with meat. Lopt placed himself at one end and Loge at the other. Both ate the best they could, and they met in the middle of the trough. Lopt had picked the meat from the bones, but Loge had eaten meat, bones and trough altogether. All agreed Lopt was beaten. Then asked Utgard Loke what art the young man (Thor's attendant) understood? Thjalfe answered, that he would run a race with any one that Utgard Loke would appoint. There was a very good race-ground on a level field. Utgard Loke called a young man named Hugi, and bade him run with Thjalfe. Thjalfe runs his best, at three several attempts—according to received Saga customs—but is of course beaten in the race.

"Then asked Utgard Loke of Thor what were the feats that he would attempt corresponding to the fame that went abroad of him? Thor answered that he thought he could beat any one at drinking. Utgard Loke said, 'Very good;' and bade his cup-bearer bring out the horn from which his courtiers were accustomed to drink. Immediately appeared the cup-bearer, and placed the horn in Thor's hand. Utgard Loke then said, 'that to empty that horn at one pull was well done; some drained it at twice; but that he was a wretched drinker who could not finish it at the third draught.' Thor looked at the horn, and thought that it was not large, though it was tolerably long. He was very thirsty, lifted it to his mouth, and was very happy at the thought of so good a draught. When he could drink no more, he took the horn from his mouth, and saw to his astonishment, that there was little less in it than before. Utgard Loke said: 'Well hast thou drunk, yet not much. I should never have believed that Asar-Thor could have drunk more; however, of this I am confident, thou wilt empty it the second time.' He drank again; but when he took away the horn from his mouth, it seemed to him that it had sunk less this time than the first; yet the horn might now be carried without spilling."

"Then said Utgard Loke: 'How is this, Thor? If thou dost not reserve thyself purposely for the third draught, thine honor must be lost; how canst thou be regarded as a great man, as the Esir look upon thee, if thou dost not distinguish thyself in other ways more than thou hast done in this?'

"Then was Thor angry, put the horn to his mouth, drank with all his might, and strained himself to the utmost; and when he looked into the horn it was now somewhat lessened. He gave up the horn, and would not drink any more. 'Now,' said Utgard Loke, 'now is it clear that thy strength is not so great as we supposed. Wilt thou try some other game, for we see that thou canst not succeed in this? Thor answered: 'I will now try something else; but I wonder who, amongst the Esir, would call that a little drink? What play do you propose?'

"Utgard Loke answered: 'Young men think it mere play to lift my cat from the ground; and I would never have proposed this to Esir Thor, if I did not perceive that thou art a much less man than I had thought thee.' Thereupon sprang an uncommonly great gray cat upon the floor. Thor advanced, took the cat round the body, and lifted it up. The cat bent its back in the same degree as Thor lifted; and when Thor had lifted one of its feet from the ground, and was not able to lift it any higher, said Utgard Loke: 'The game has terminated just as I expected. The cat is very great, and Thor is low and small, compared with the great men who are here with us.'

"Then said Thor: 'Little as you call me, I challenge any one to wrestle with me, for now I am angry.' Utgard Loke answered, looking round upon the benches: 'I see no one here who would deem it play to wrestle with thee; but let us call hither the old Ella, my nurse; with her shall Thor prove his strength, if he will. She has given many one a fall who appeared far stronger than Thor is.' On this there entered the hall an old woman; and Utgard Loke said she would wrestle with Thor. In short, the contest went so, that the more Thor exerted himself, the firmer she stood; and now began the old woman to exert herself, and Thor to give way, and severe struggles followed. It was not long before Thor was stepped down on one knee. Then Utgard Loke stepped forward, bade them cease the struggle, and said that Thor should attempt nothing more at his court. It was now drawing towards night; Utgard Loke showed Thor and his companions their lodging, where they were well accommodated."

"As soon as it was light the next morning, up rose Thor and his companions, dressed themselves, and prepared to set out. Then came Utgard Loke, and ordered the table to be set, where there wanted no good provisions, either meat or drink. When they had breakfasted, they set out on their way. Utgard Loke accompanied them out of the castle; but at parting he asked Thor how the journey had gone off; whether he had found any man more mighty than himself? Thor answered, that the enterprise had brought him much dishonor, it was not to be denied, and that he must esteem himself a man of no account, which much mortified him."

"Utgard Loke replied: 'Now will I tell thee the truth, since thou art out of my castle, where, so long as I live and reign, thou shalt never re-enter; and whither, believe me, thou hadst never come if I had known before what might thou possess, and that thou wouldst so nearly plunge us into great trouble. False appearances have I created for thee, so that the first time when thou mettest the man in the wood it was I; and when thou wouldst open the provision-sack, I had laced it together with an iron band, so that thou couldst not

find the means to undo it. After that, thou struckest at me three times with the hammer. The first stroke was the weakest, and it had been my death had it hit me. Thou sawest by my castle a rock, with three deep square holes, of which one was very deep; those were the marks of thy hammer. The rock I placed in the way of the blow, without thy perceiving it."

"So also in the games, when thou contendedst with my courtiers. When Lopt made his essay, the fact was this: he was very angry, and ate voraciously; but he who was called Loge was fire, which consumed the trough as well as the meat. And Hugi (mind) was my thought with which Thjalfe ran a race, and it was impossible for him to match it in speed. When thou drankest from the horn, and thoughtest that its contents grew no less, it was, notwithstanding, a great marvel, such as I never believed could have taken place. The one end of the horn stood in the sea, which thou didst not perceive; and when thou comest to the shore thou wilt see how much the ocean has diminished by what thou hast drunk. Men will call it the ebb."

"Further," said he, "most remarkable did it seem to me that thou liftedst the cat; and in truth, all became terrified when they saw that thou liftedst one of its feet from the ground. For it was no cat, as it seemed unto thee, but the great serpent that lies coiled round the world. Scarcely had he length that his tail and head might reach the earth, and thou liftedst him so high up that it was but a little way to heaven. That was a marvellous wrestling that thou wrestledst with Ella (old age), for never has there been any one, nor shall there ever be, let him approach what great age he will, that Ella shall not overcome."

"Now we must part, and it is best for us on both sides that you do not often come to me; but if it should so happen, I shall defend my castle with such other arts that you shall not be able to effect anything against me."

"When Thor heard this discourse, he grasped his hammer and lifted it into the air, but as he was about to strike, he saw Utgard Loke nowhere. Then he turned back to the castle to destroy it, and he saw only a beautiful and wide plain, but no castle."

So ends the story of Thor's journey to Jotunheim.

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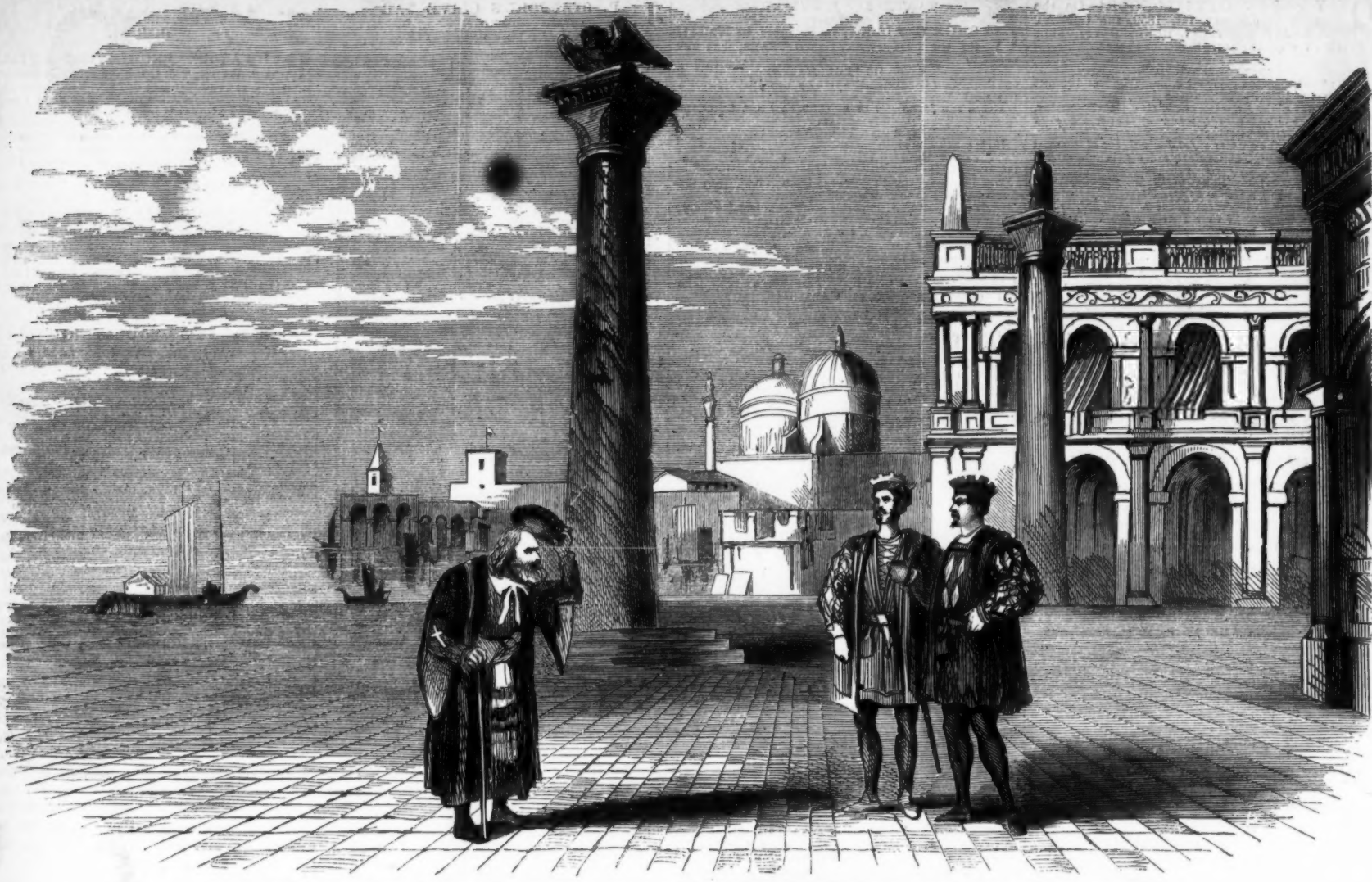
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